



DEFIANT

1
AUG
\$2.95

WARRIORS OF PLASM



Lopham 1993

BEYOND THE
IMAGINARY
LIMITS OF
REALITY...

THE TARGET'S
LAST VESTIGES
OF RESISTANCE
ARE COLLAPSING,
LORCA! PRAISE
THE ORG!

HAVE THE SHIP
DEVOTE ITS
SENSES TO
LOCATING HIGH
GORE LORD
SUEFACEEN.

I'M SURE SHE'LL
BE AT THE
FOREFRONT, WHERE
THE SLAUGHTER
IS BEST, SIR!

HOY!
ACQUISITOR
LORCA...!

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METAMORPHOSIS

THE
SEDITION
AGENDA
PART 1





THE SHIP'S EYES SPY
SUEFACEEN FIVE
LEAGUES BEYOND THE
MAIN FRONT!

SHE AND HER ELITE
TRAMPLE JONS HAVE
BREACHED THE INFIDELS!
LAST RESORT, LORCA!

ASK THE
SHIP TO
GO TO
HER.



GORE LORD SUERACEEN! ONLY
SCATTERED INFIDEL SNIPERS REMAIN!

WE'LL NEED
MORE BODY
BARGES TO
REAP ALL
THESE
CORPSES.
MUSTER
THEM UP.

AHH! THE
COPPERY TANG
OF GORE IS SO...
AROUSING!
I WISH...

LOOK! THE SHIP OF
SUPREME ACQUISITOR
LORCA!

HE MUST
HAVE
SENSED
MY NODES
TWEAKING!

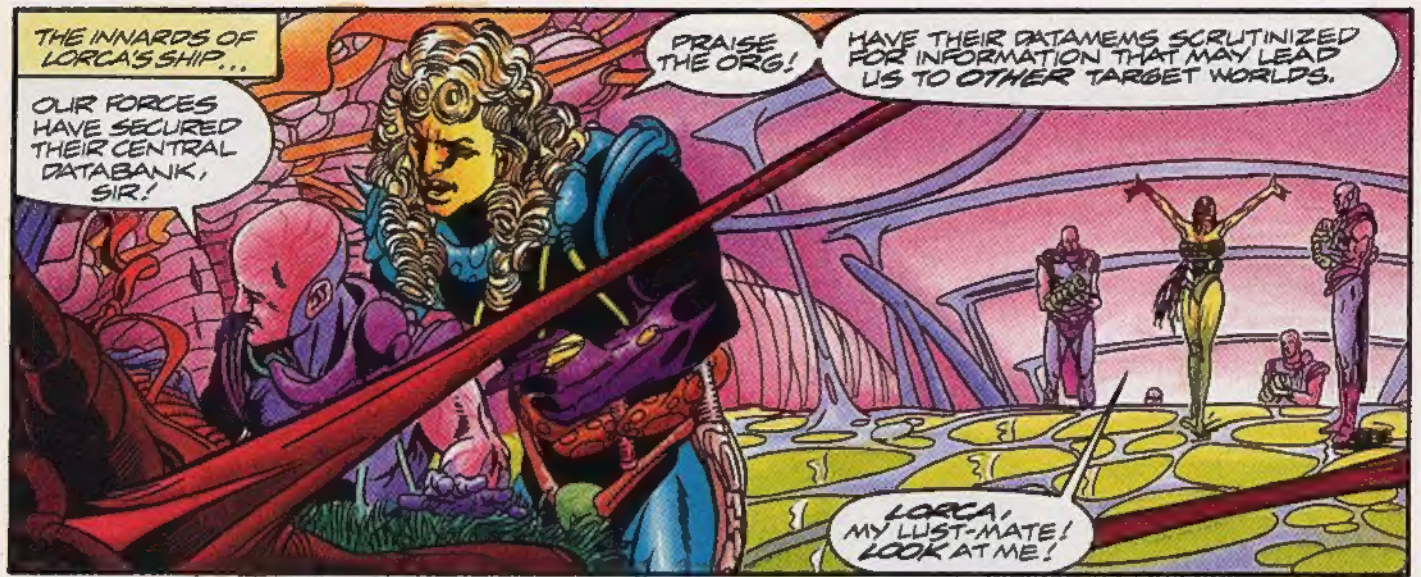
SINCE
THERE
ARE NO
ENEMIES
AROUND,
YOURS
WILL DO.

HAIL,
SUERACEEN!

STAND
READY,
ZOM! I
WISH
TO BE
DRIPPING
WITH
SPLATTER
GORE FOR
MY LUST-
MATE.

HERE I
AM, SHIP!
DRAW
ME IN!

SUERACEEN!
GREATEST
OF ALL
GORE
LORDS!





MOMENTS LATER...

FAREWELL,
LUST-MATE!

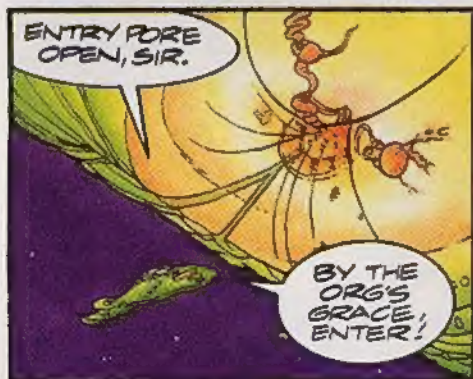
NEXT TIME EVEN DUTY
WILL NOT DENY US!



AFTER AN UNIMAGINABLY LONG JOURNEY
AT THE SPEED OF THOUGHT...

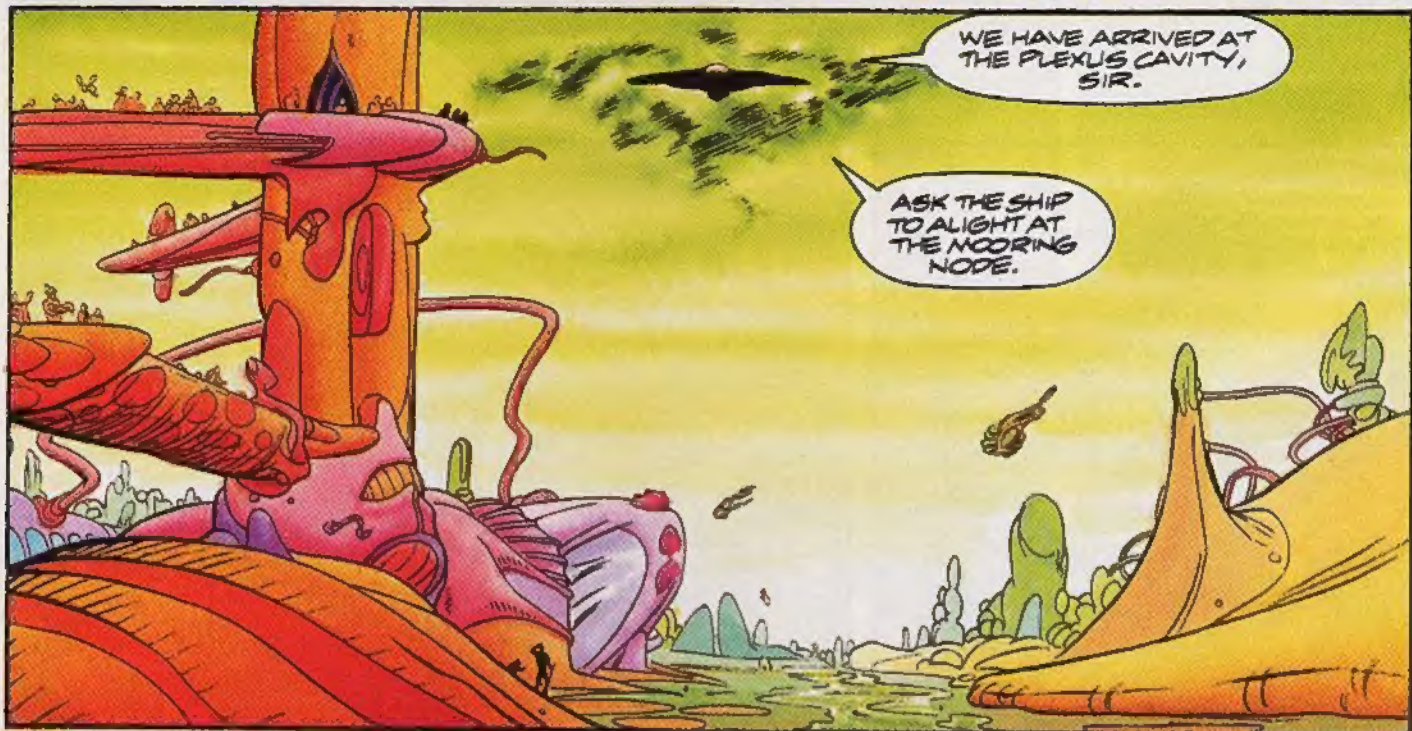
ACQUISITOR LORCA,
THE ORG OF PLASM
LIES AHEAD.

HAVE THE SHIP PETITION
THE ORG TO DILATE A PORE.



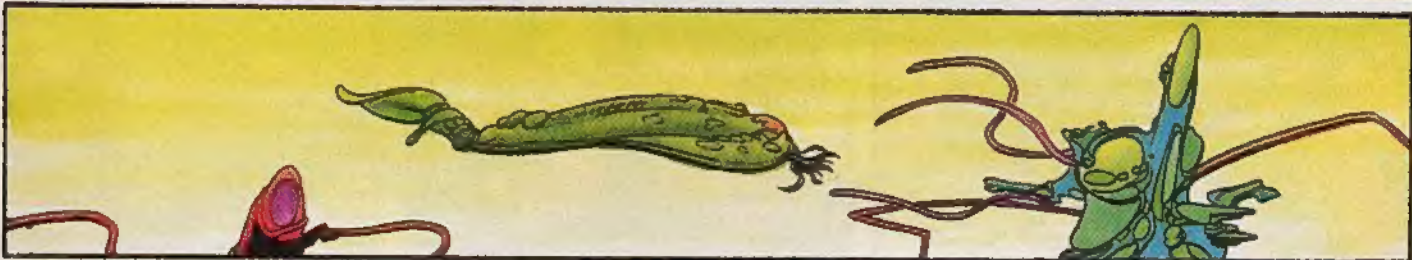
ENTRY PORE
OPEN, SIR.

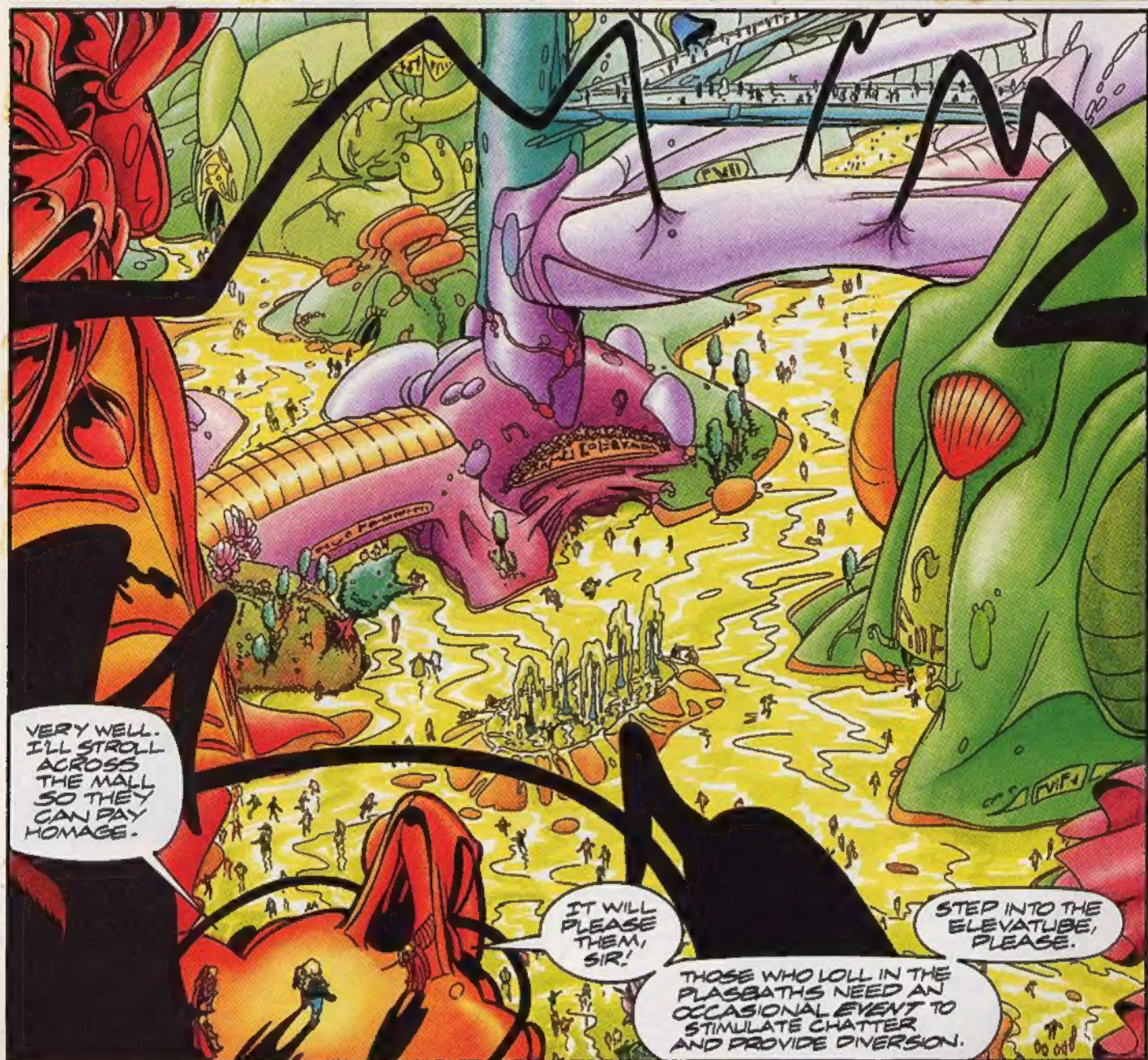
BY THE
ORG'S
GRACE!
ENTER!



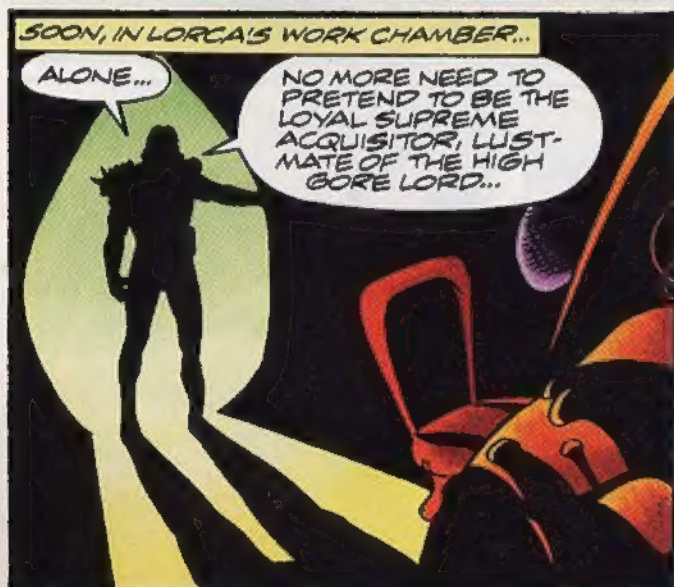
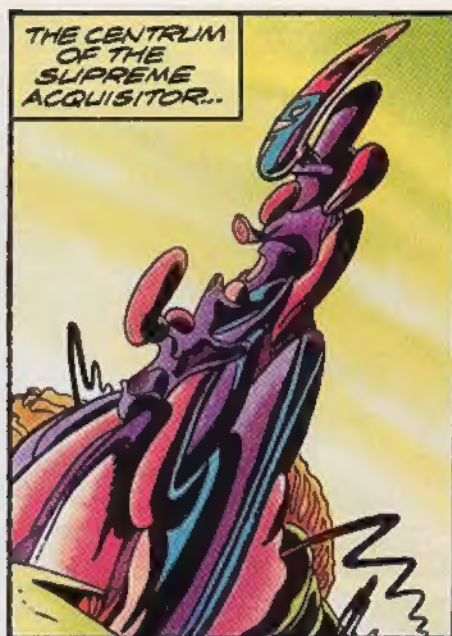
WE HAVE ARRIVED AT
THE PLEXUS CAVITY,
SIR.

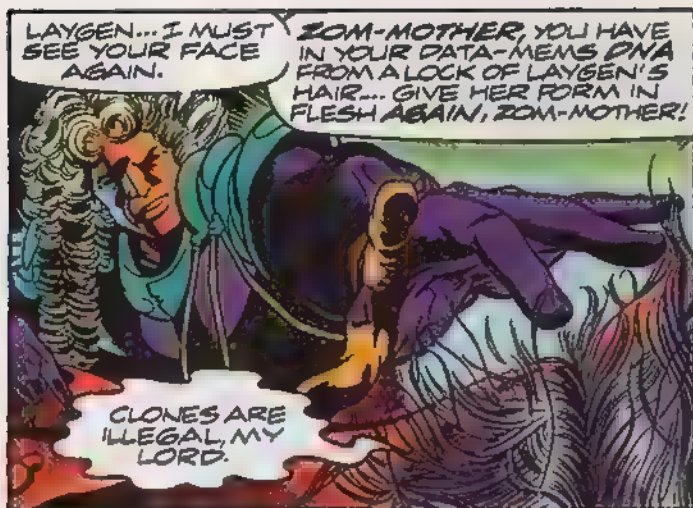
ASK THE SHIP
TO ALIGHT AT
THE MOORING
NODE.







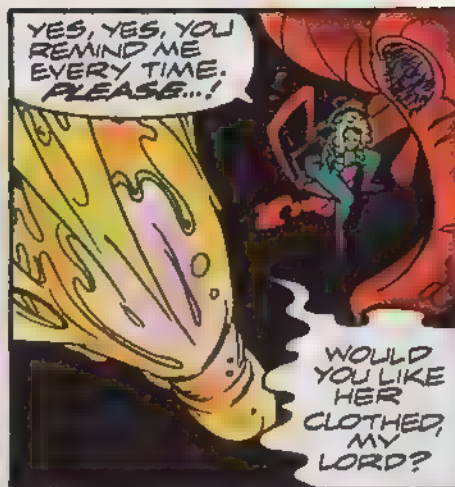




LAYGEN... I MUST SEE YOUR FACE AGAIN.

ZOM-MOTHER, YOU HAVE IN YOUR DATA-MEMS DNA FROM A LOCK OF LAYGEN'S HAIR... GIVE HER FORM IN FLESH AGAIN, ZOM-MOTHER!

CLONES ARE ILLEGAL, MY LORD.

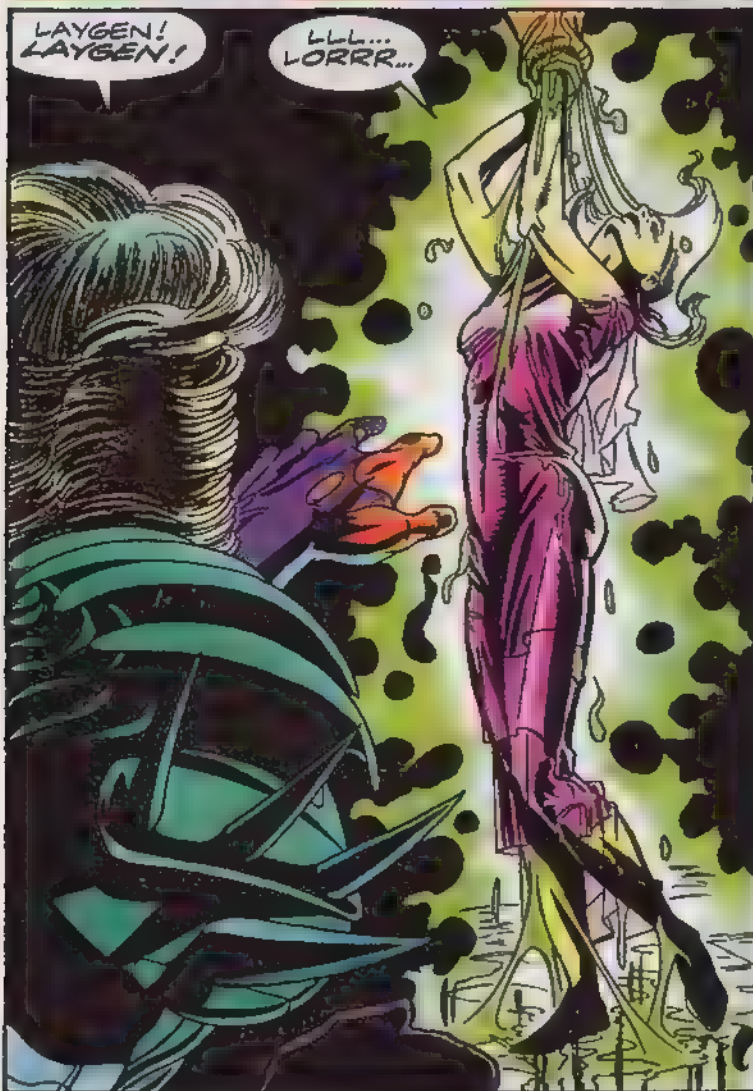


YES, YES, YOU REMIND ME EVERY TIME. PLEASE...!

WOULD YOU LIKE HER CLOTHED, MY LORD?

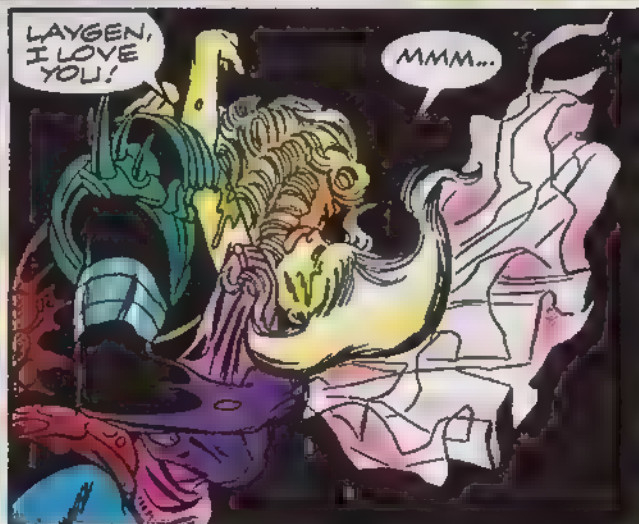


GROW HER THE FINEST PETAL-CLOTH GOWN! AND TEACH HER ALL ABOUT HER-SELF!



LAYGEN! LAYGEN!

LLL... LORRR...



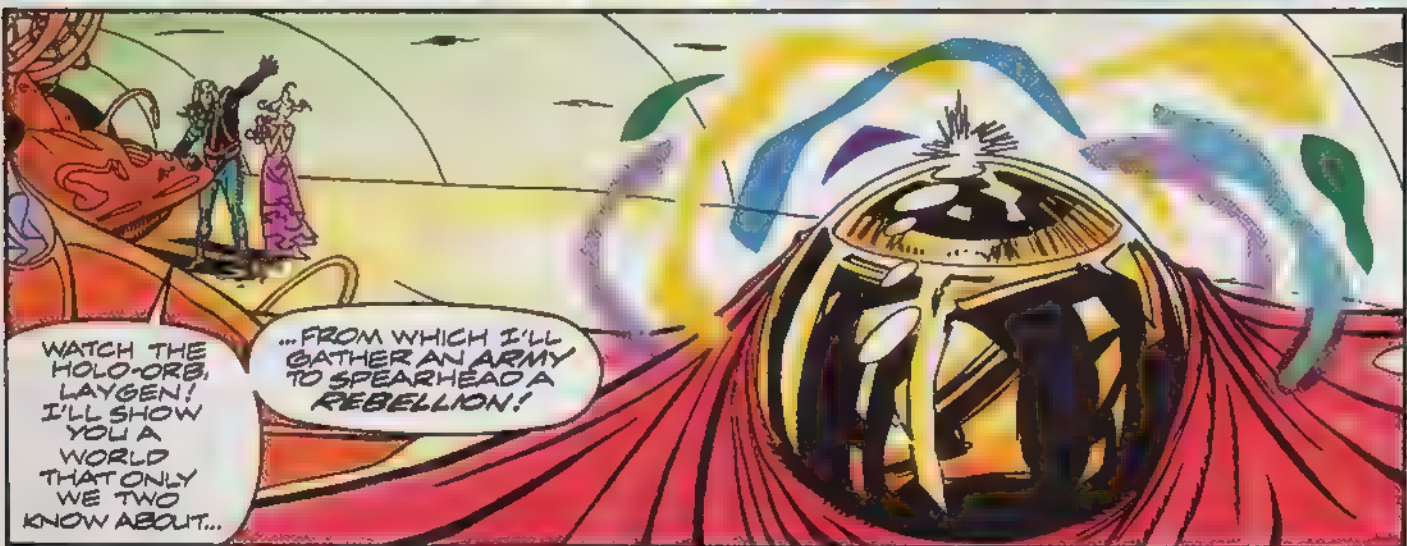
LAYGEN, I LOVE YOU!

MMM...



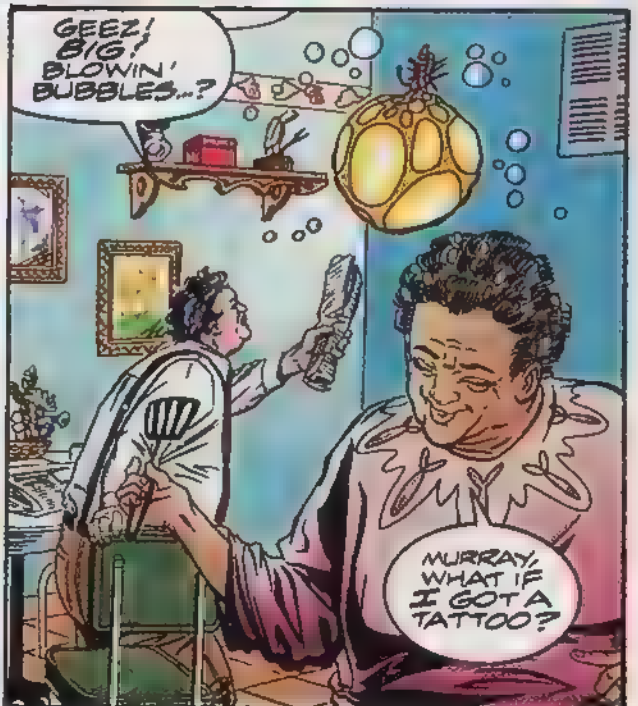
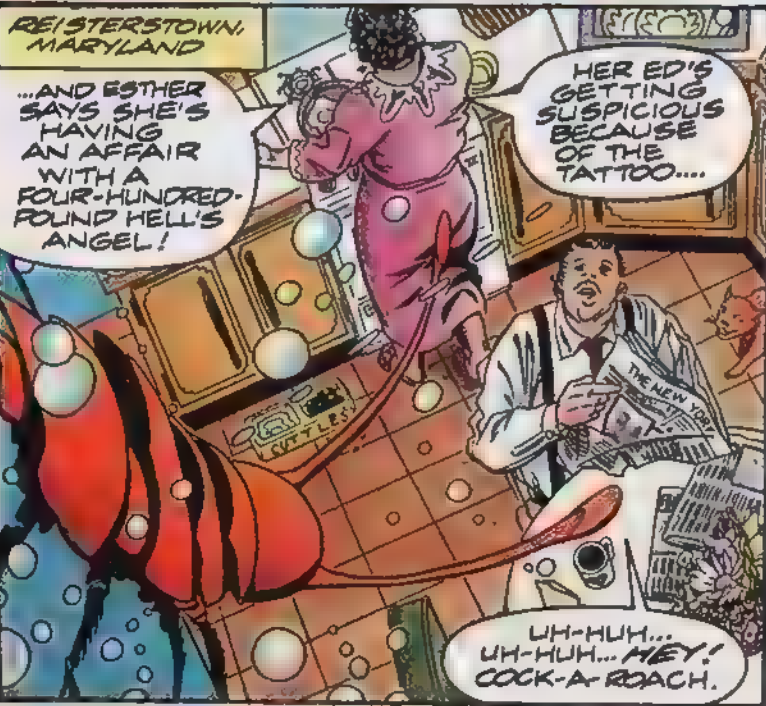
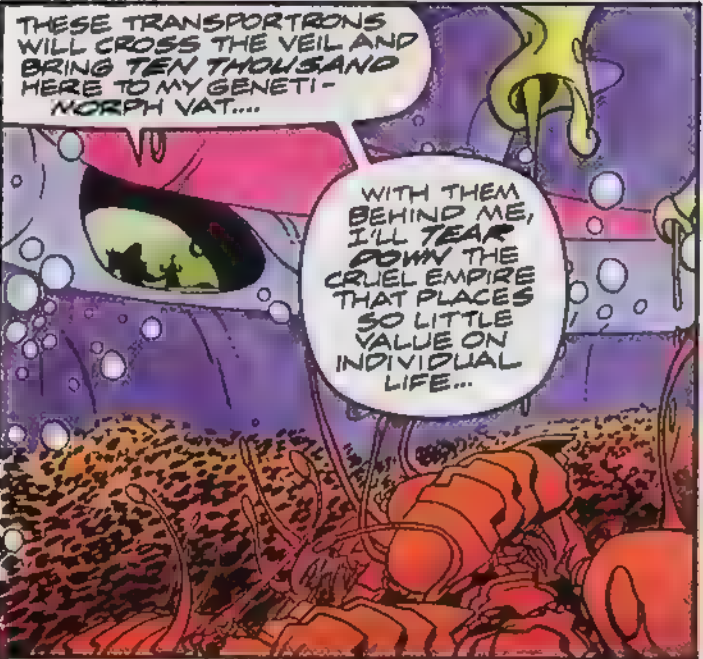
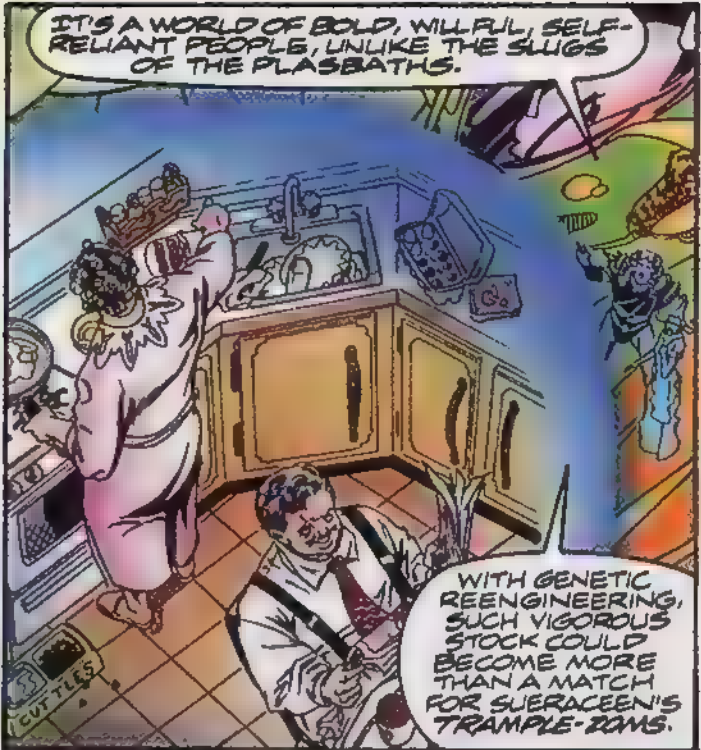
COME, MY LOVE. LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I'VE BEEN WORKING ON IN SECRET.

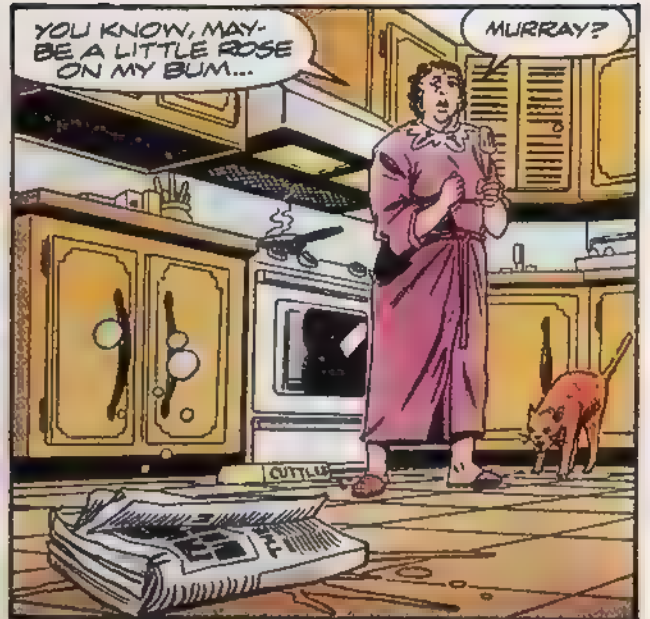
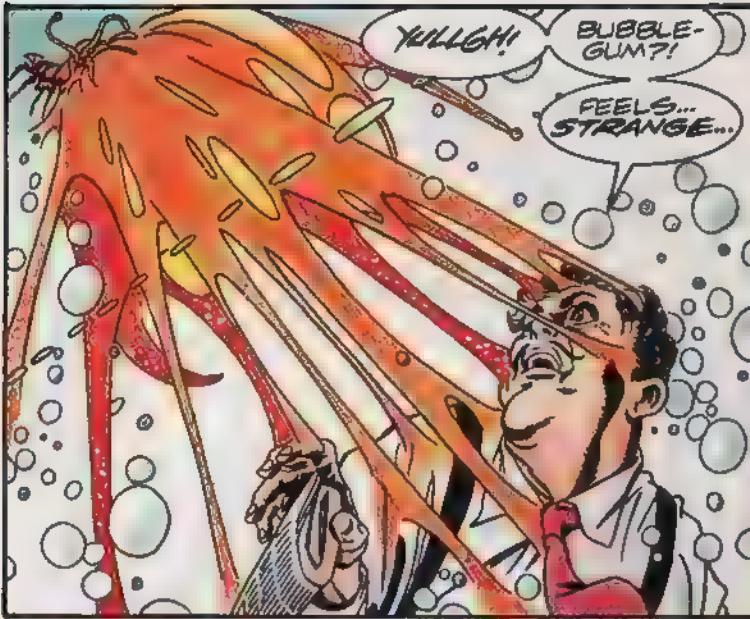
IT'S A WAY TO OVERTHROW THE VILE RULERS OF THIS ORG... AND AVENGE YOUR DEATH!

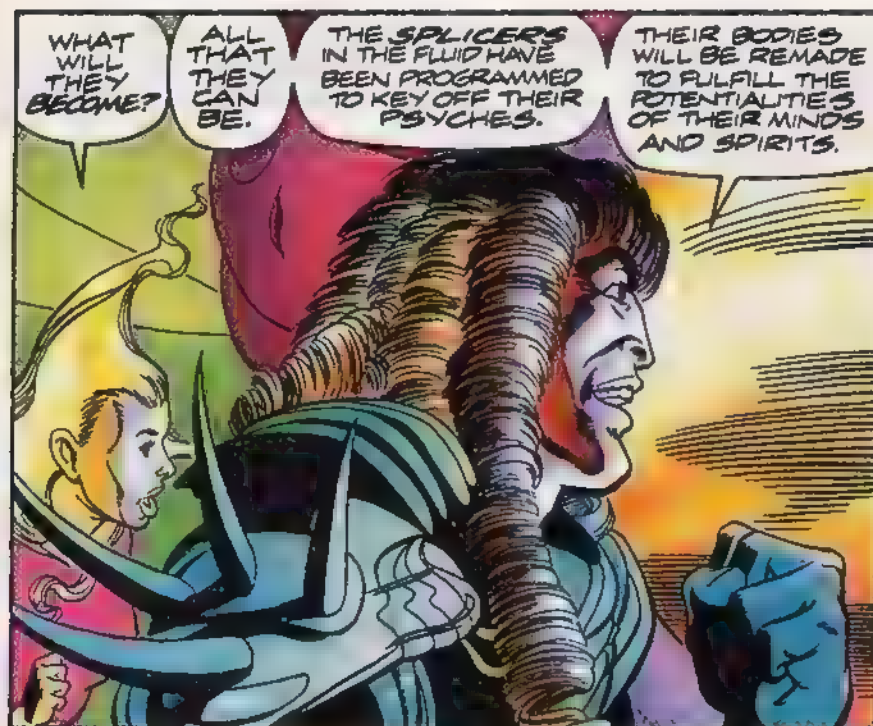


WATCH THE HOLO-ORB, LAYGEN! I'LL SHOW YOU A WORLD THAT ONLY WE TWO KNOW ABOUT...

...FROM WHICH I'LL GATHER AN ARMY TO SPEARHEAD A REBELLION!





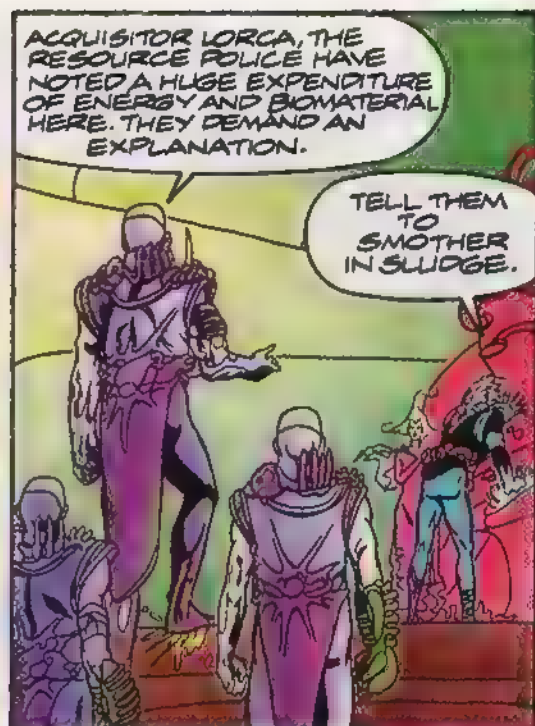


WHAT WILL THEY BECOME?

ALL THAT THEY CAN BE.

THE SPLICERS IN THE FLUID HAVE BEEN PROGRAMMED TO KEY OFF THEIR PSYCHES.

THEIR BODIES WILL BE REMADE TO FULFILL THE POTENTIALITIES OF THEIR MINDS AND SPIRITS.



ACQUISITOR LORCA, THE RESOURCE POLICE HAVE NOTED A HUGE EXPENDITURE OF ENERGY AND BIOMATERIAL HERE. THEY DEMAND AN EXPLANATION.

TELL THEM TO SMOTHER IN SLUDGE.



WE ARE ONLY ZOMS, SIR. THEY WILL ACCEPT NO ANSWER FROM US.

THEN IGNORE THEM. AND IF THEY TRY TO FORCE THEIR WAY IN, SPLATTER THEM!

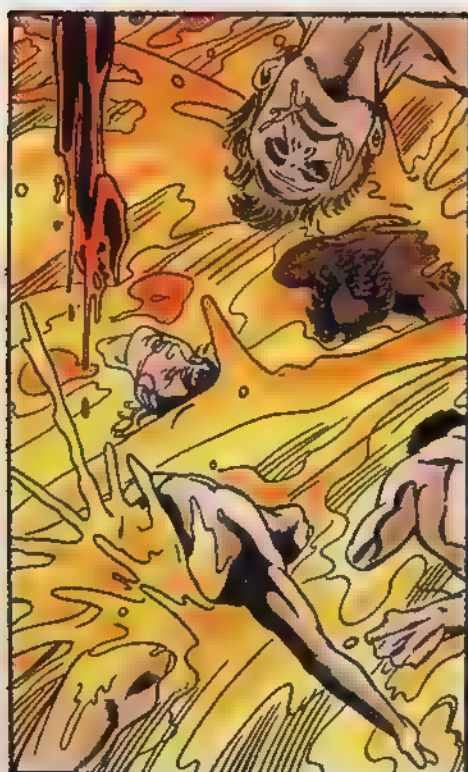
VERY SOON I INTEND TO DESTROY THEM ANYWAY...ALONG WITH THE EMPIRE THEY SERVE!

LORCA, LOOK!



WHAT?!

OH... NO!

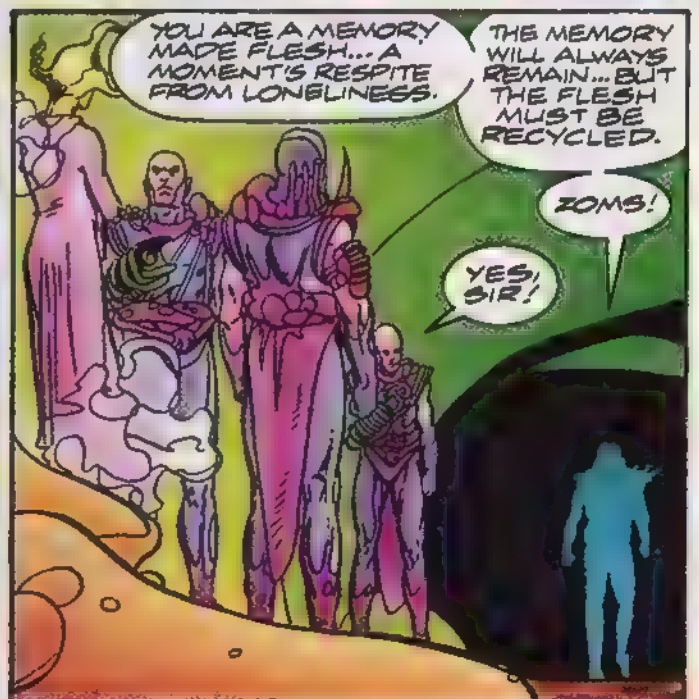
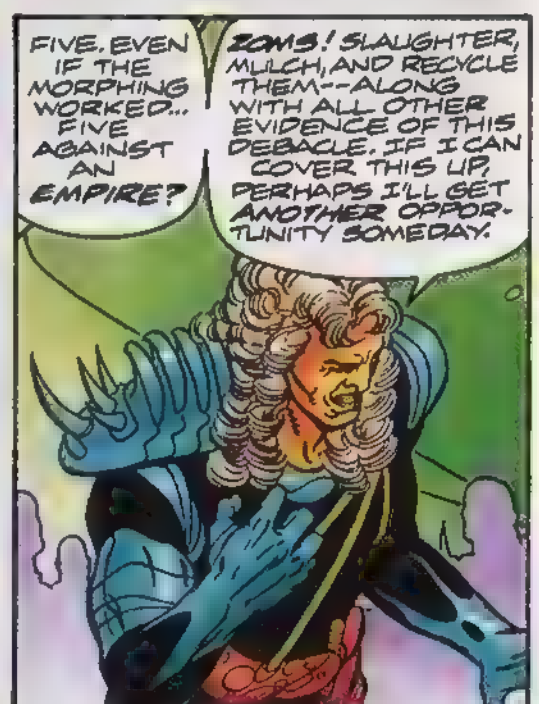
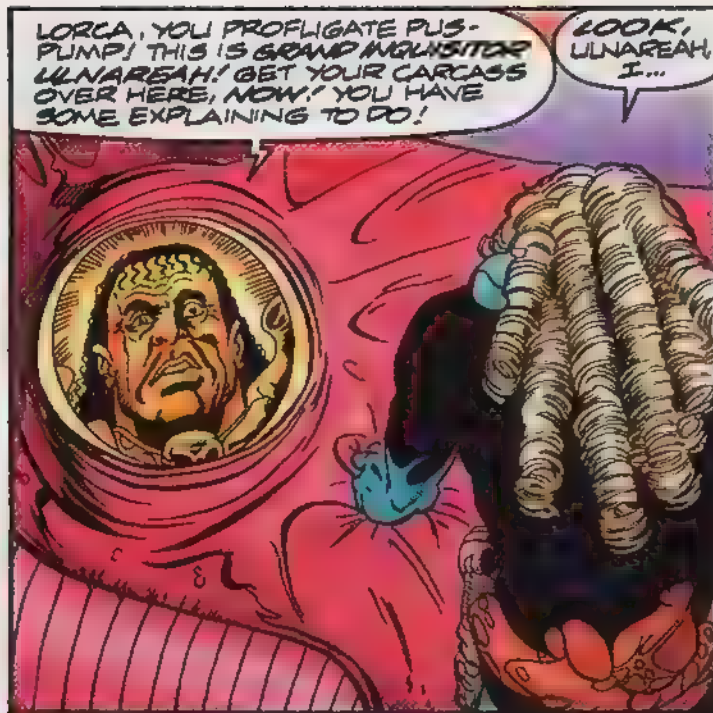


THEY'RE DYING! I...MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE... SOMEWHERE...

SIR, WHAT ABOUT THE POLICE?

UH-OH. SOMEONE'S CALLING ON THE EYE-PHONE. I THINK I'D BETTER GET OUT OF SIGHT.







THE RECOVERY SAC

WHAT... WAS THAT? WHAT HAPPENED?

WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES? WHAT HAPPENED TO MY CLOTHES?

CALM DOWN. LET'S START WITH THINGS WE KNOW WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE?

I'M COOKIE WAZENEGGER. I'M FROM SADDLE RIVER....

ME, TOO. LIKE IT'S SPREADING.

OH, I'M RICK. RICK TIETZ. UM... HOBOKEN.

WHAT IS THIS STICKY STUFF? IT'S GETTING ALL OVER ME! YUCK!

I'M MRS. LOUISE JOHNSON.

MARTIN GILBERT. THIS STUFF SEEMS TO BE COVERING US.

GOODNESS, I THINK I'D RATHER BE NAKED!

LIEUTENANT ELVIS R MAZEROV, U.S. ARMY RESERVES.

I ASSUME THAT NONE OF YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE OR HOW WE GOT HERE. I'M GOING TO RECONNOITER. I'D SUGGEST YOU ALL STAY PUT.

WELL, I THINK WE SHOULD TAKE IT SLOW AND CAREFUL UNTIL WE KNOW THE DEAL HERE. LIKE WHY CLOTHES GROW ON YOU!

RICK, YOUR ARM... YOU HAD AN ACCIDENT... UM, I GUESS.

AT THE PLANT, COUPLE YEARS AGO.

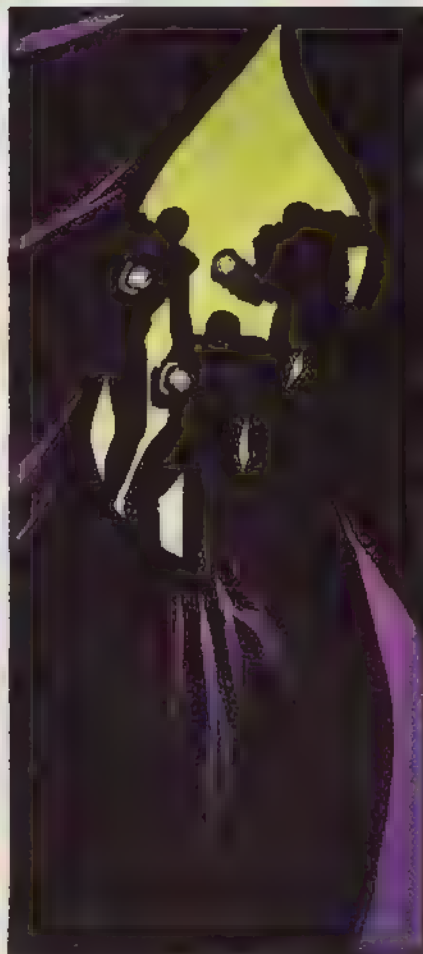
OH, THAT'S A SHAME.

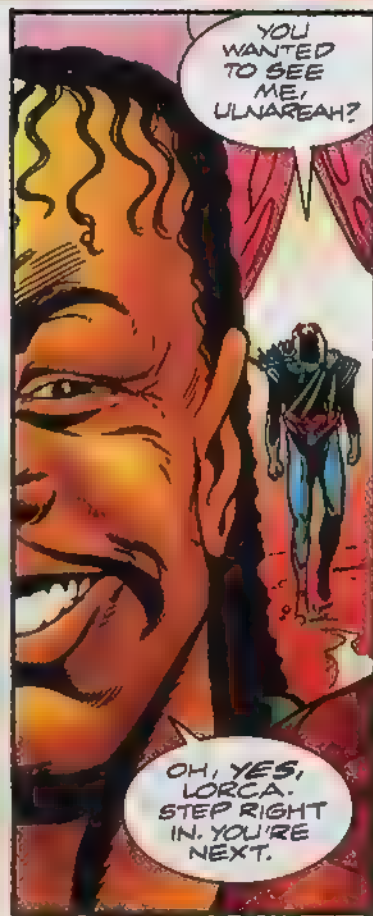
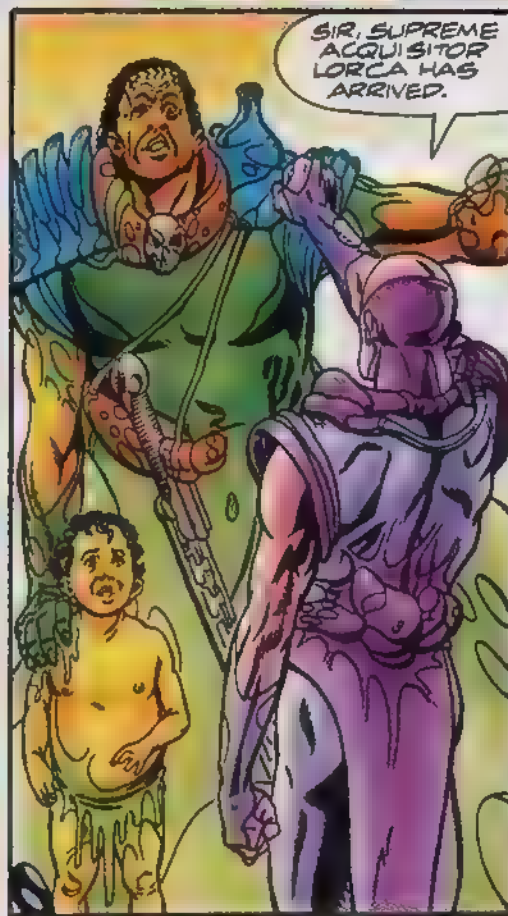
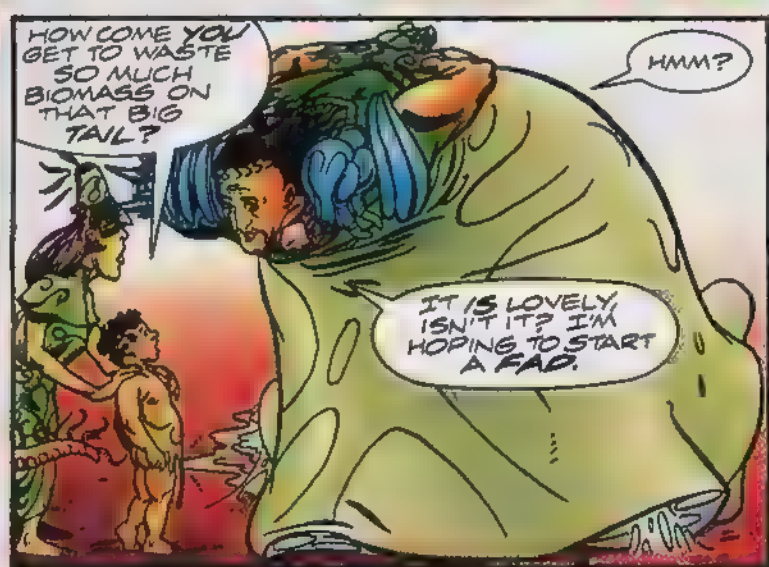
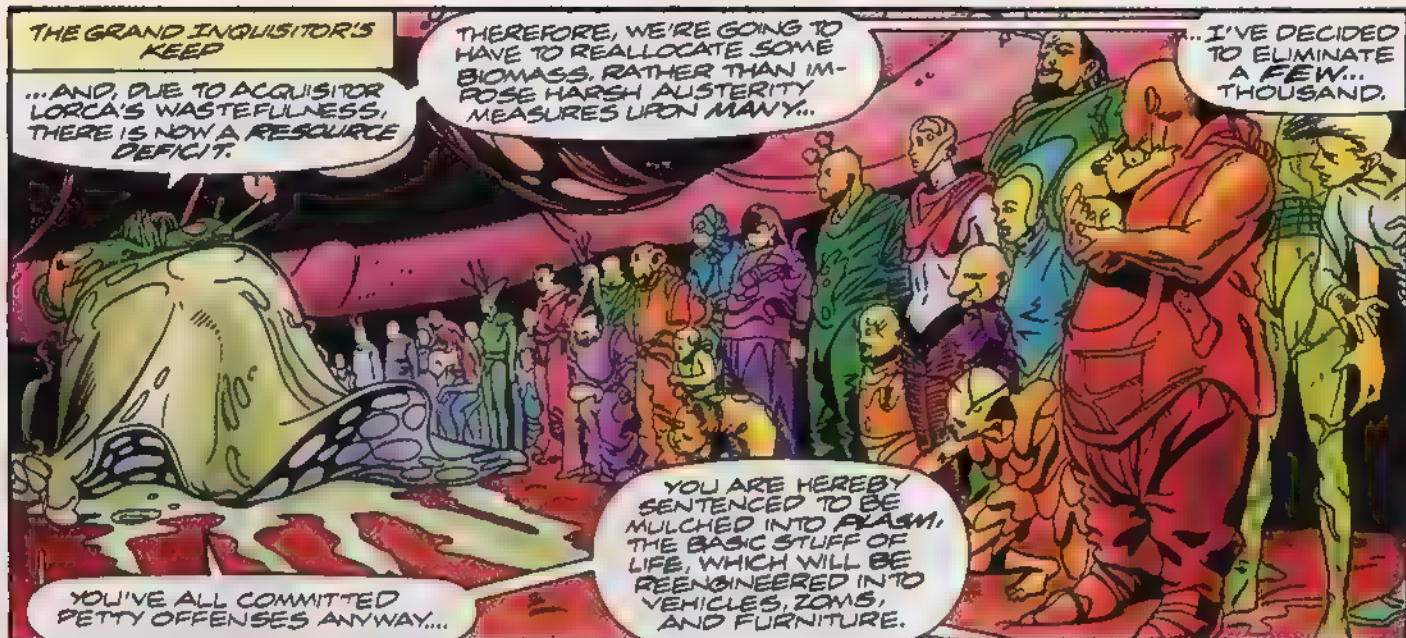
SEEMS AS THOUGH YOU'RE HANDLING IT WELL, SON.

HOLD IT! QUIET!

HEAR THAT? SOMEONE'S COMING.

LOOK! THERE!







I KNOW YOU'RE UP TO SOMETHING, LORCA. I'LL GO EASIER ON YOU IF YOU CONFESS.

I CONFESS THAT I'M DOING MY JOB-- LOCATING TARGETS.

YOU NEED THAT MUCH ENERGY TO JUICE YOUR COMPUTROIDS? AND WHAT EXACTLY DID YOU DO WITH FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND MEGAVATS OF MORPH-FLUID? DRINK IT?

I ANSWER TO THE EMPEROR. NOT YOU.

ALL CRIMINALS ANSWER TO ME.



BUT, LORCA... IF YOU CONFIDE IN ME, PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT YOU AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS?

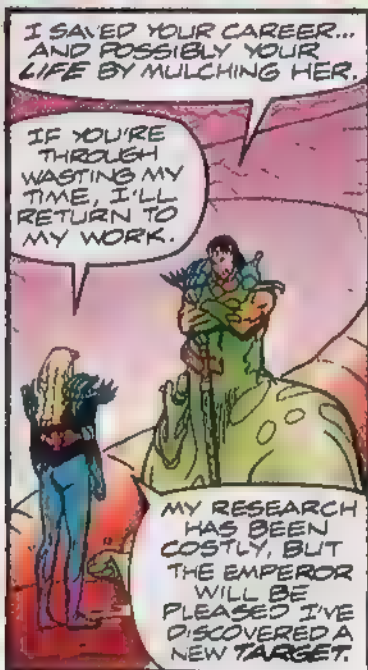
OH, COME NOW! ARE YOU STILL HOLDING THAT LITTLE JOKE AGAINST ME?

YOU ARE NO FRIEND OF MINE, ULNAREAH.

WHAT WAS HER NAME...? LAYKEN?



SHE WAS ANTI-ORG, ANTI-SOCIETY-- AN INDIVIDUALIST, LORC-- AND YOU WERE GETTING WAY TOO ATTACHED TO HER.



I SAVED YOUR CAREER... AND POSSIBLY YOUR LIFE BY MULCHING HER.

IF YOU'RE THROUGH WASTING MY TIME, I'LL RETURN TO MY WORK.

MY RESEARCH HAS BEEN COSTLY, BUT THE EMPEROR WILL BE PLEASED I'VE DISCOVERED A NEW TARGET.



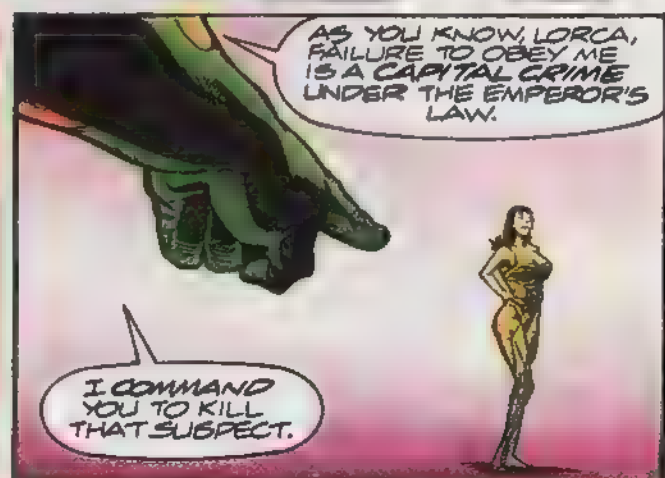
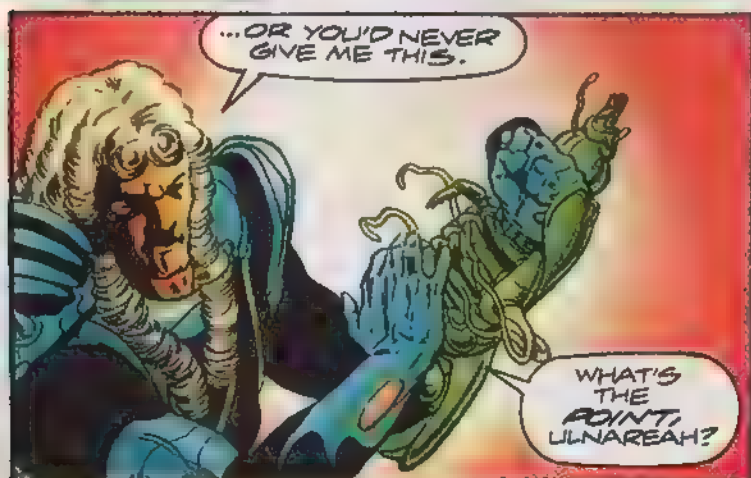
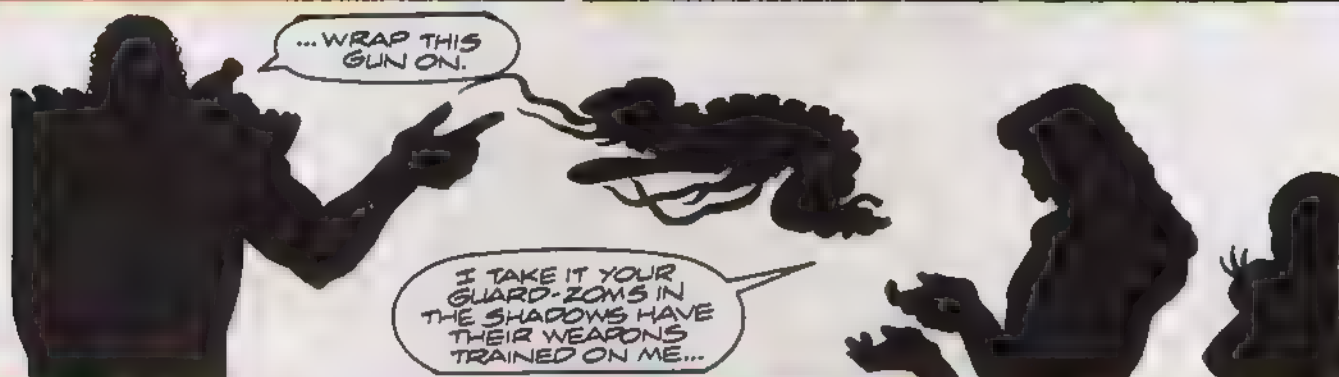
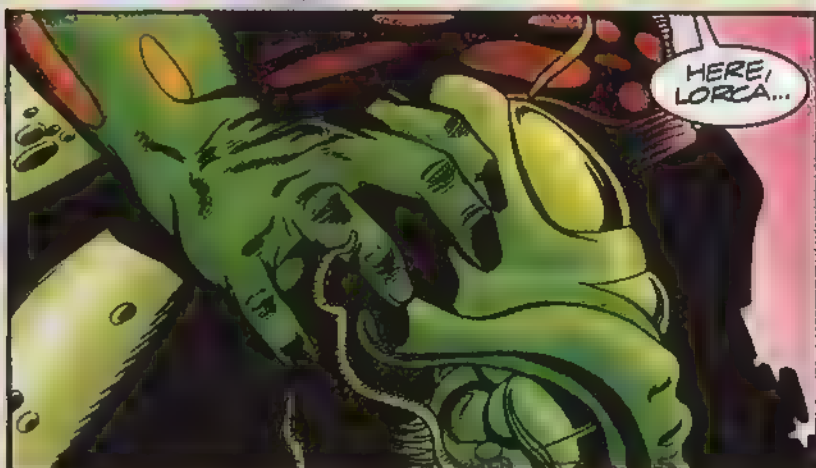
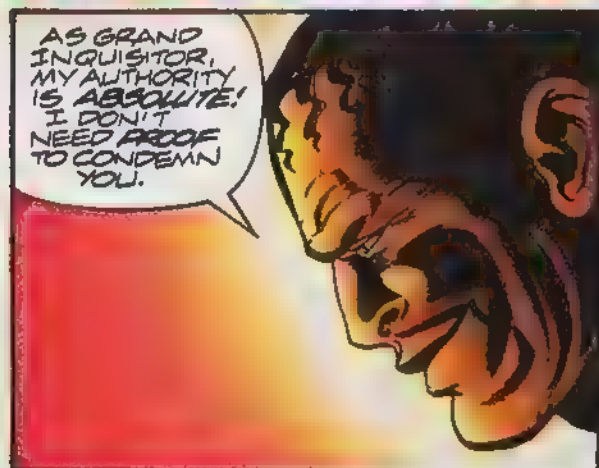
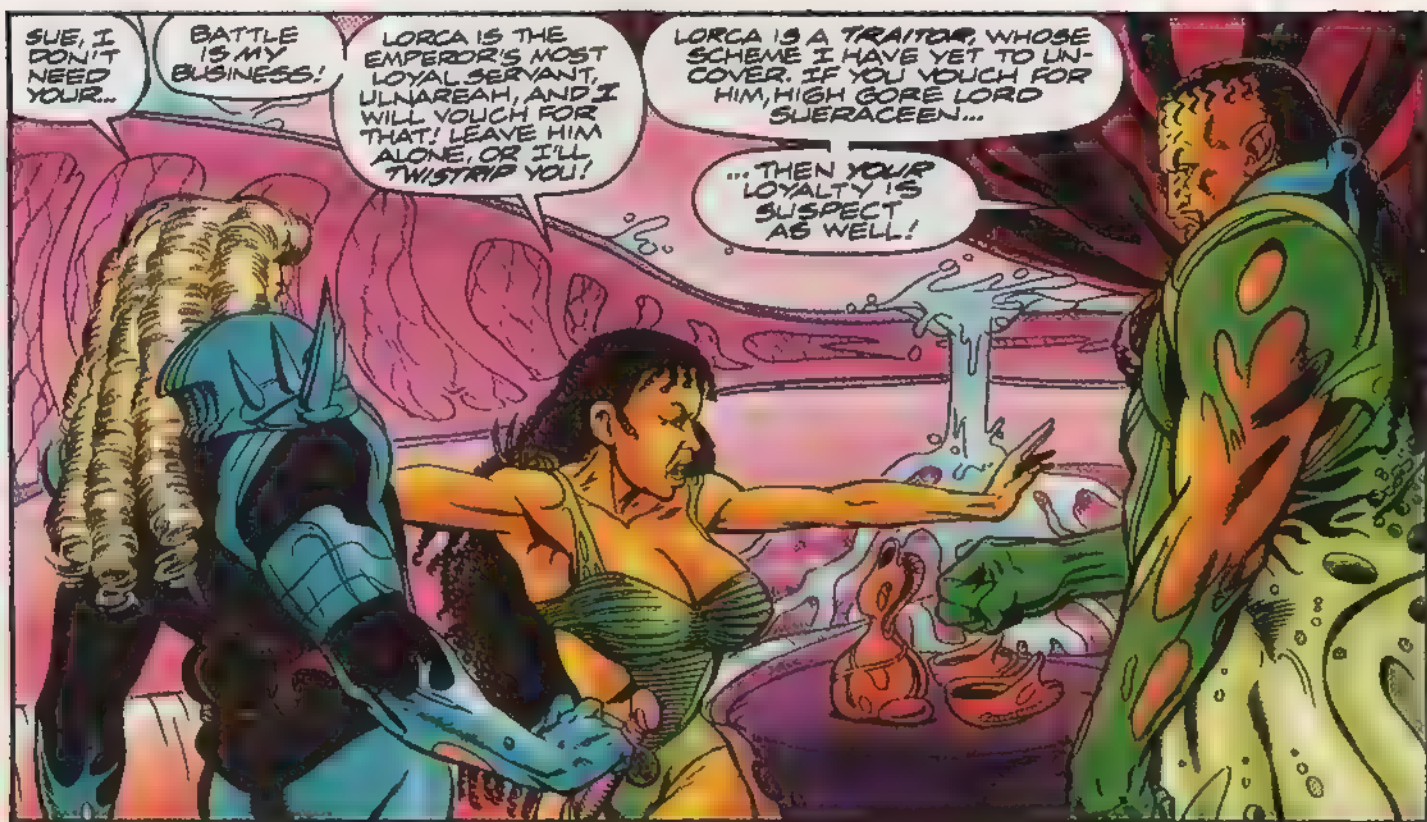
YOU'D BETTER HAVE! YOU'VE BEEN EXPLOITING THE PRIVILEGES OF RANK TO EXCESS, PURSUING SOME SECRET PURPOSE.

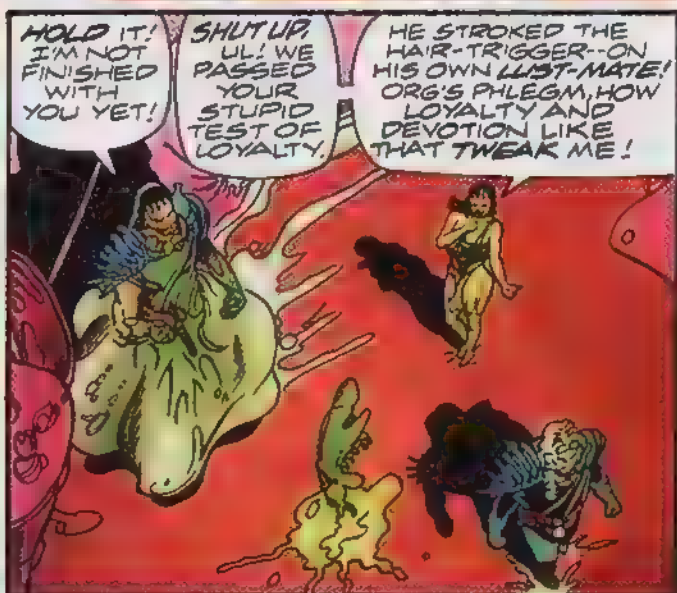
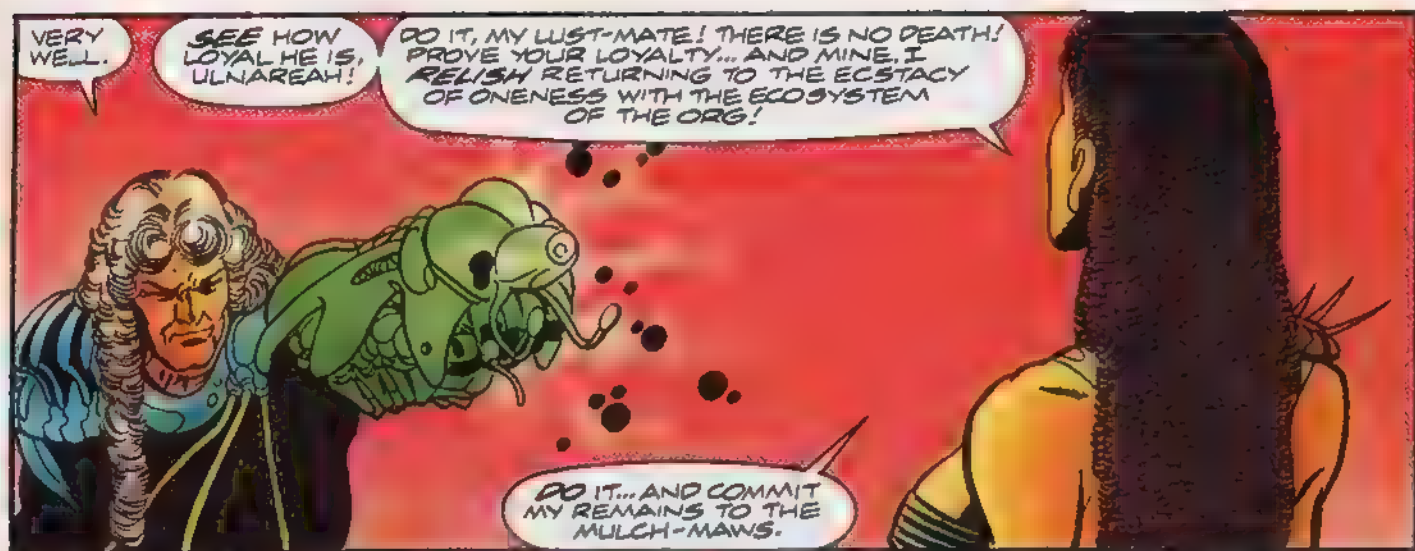
BUT YOU'VE PUSHED IT TOO FAR THIS TIME, OLD FRIEND, AND IF YOU'RE LYING, I'LL HAVE YOUR ARROGANT, SCHEMING CARCASS HAND-MULCHED WITH A BITEWHIP!

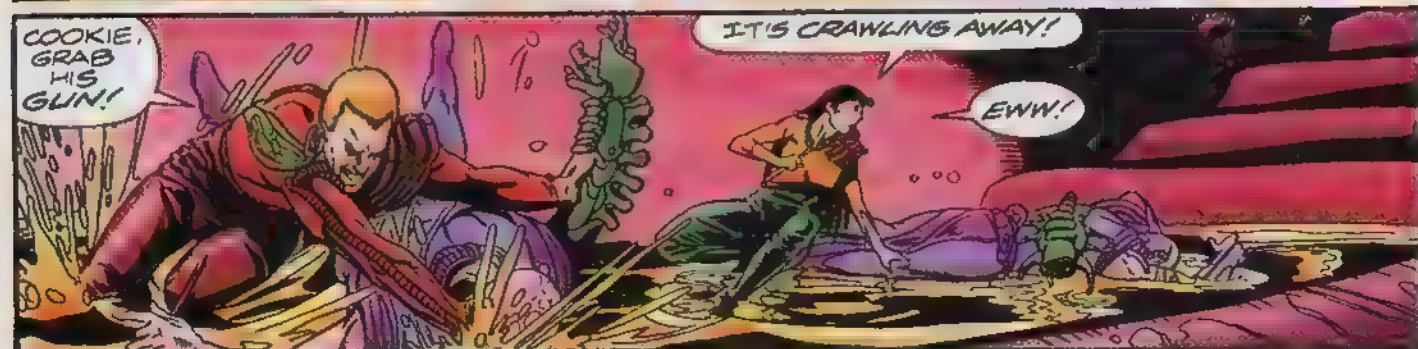
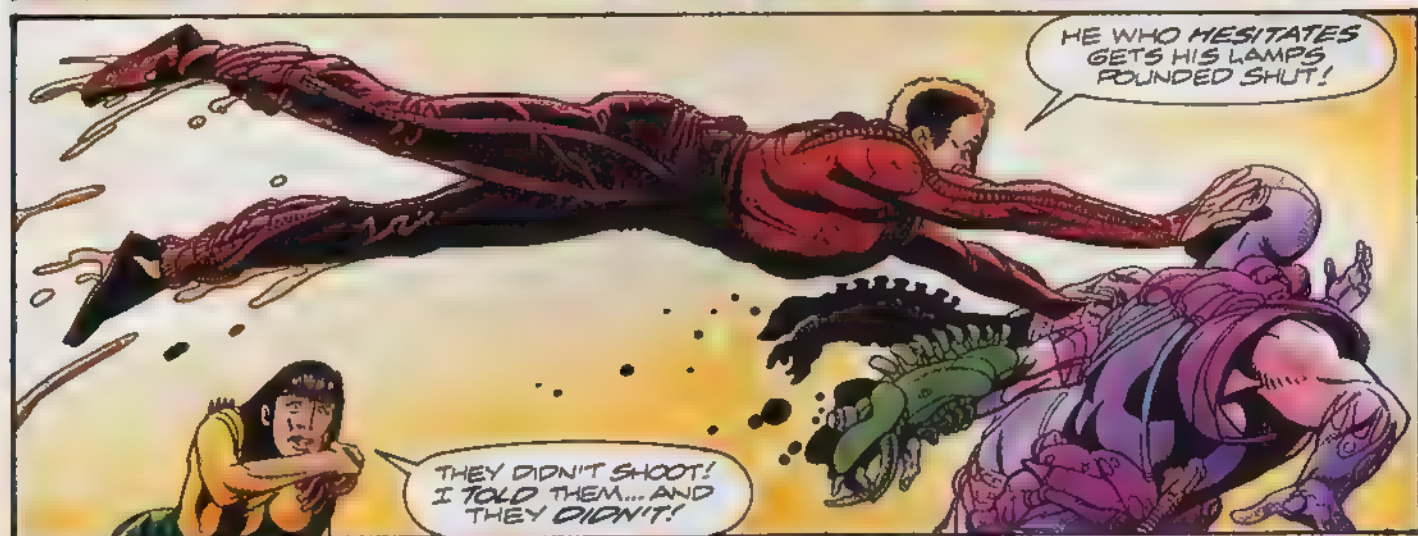
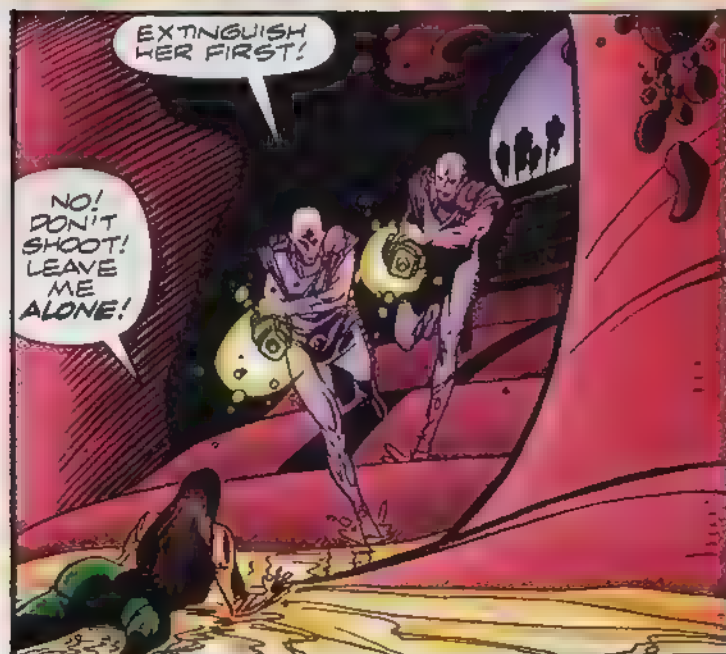


SPEAK THE TRUTH FOR ONCE, ULNAREAH. THIS IS PERSONAL... SO WHY DON'T WE SETTLE IT MAN TO SLUG!

WHY DON'T I SETTLE IT?









I...I CAN'T!
I DON'T EVEN
WANT TO
TOUCH IT!

I'LL GET IT!

HURRY, GILBERT!

THANK GOD
THERE'S
ANOTHER
MAN HERE!

JUST
TICKLE THE
FUZZY
SPOT TO
SHOOT!



WHOA!
JUST
MISSED!

YOU'RE FAST,
LIEUTENANT!

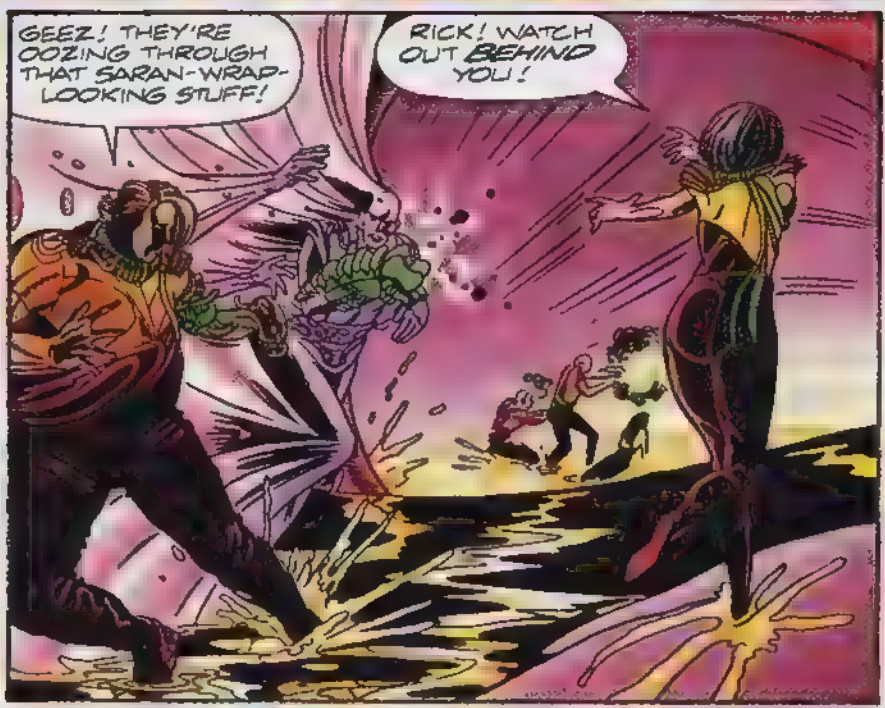
YEAH! ALL OF A
SUDDEN... I'M
REAL FAST!



AH! THERE!
THAT ONE'S
GOING TO
MEET HIS
MAKER!

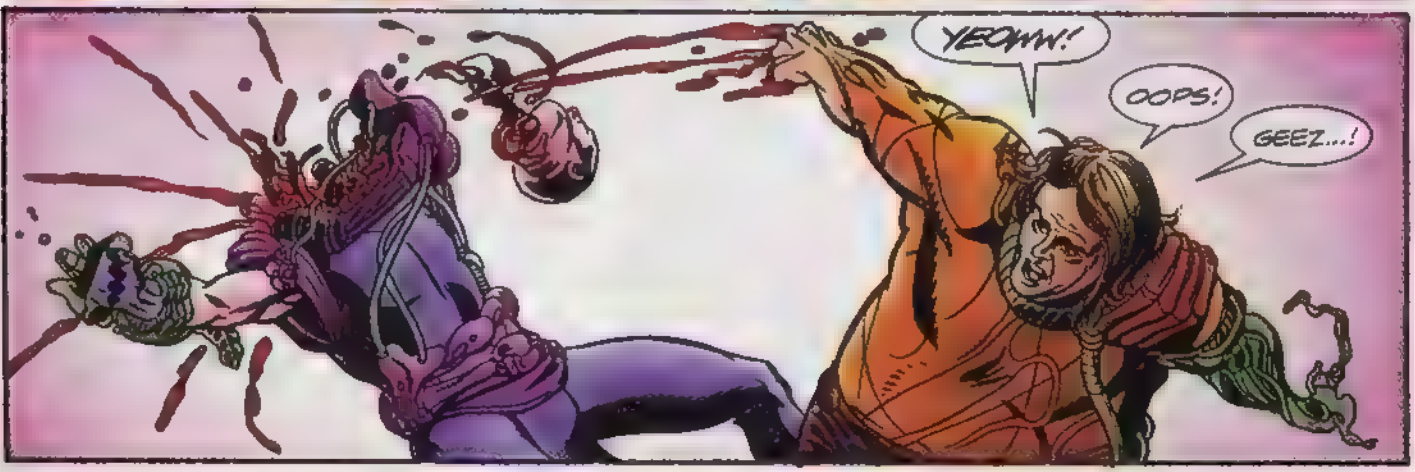
YOU'RE A
MINISTER,
AREN'T YOU,
REVEREND
GILBERT?

YEP.
HOW'D YOU
KNOW?



GEEZ! THEY'RE
OOZING THROUGH
THAT SARAN-WRAP-
LOOKING STUFF!

RICK! WATCH
OUT BEHIND
YOU!



YEOWW!

OOPS!

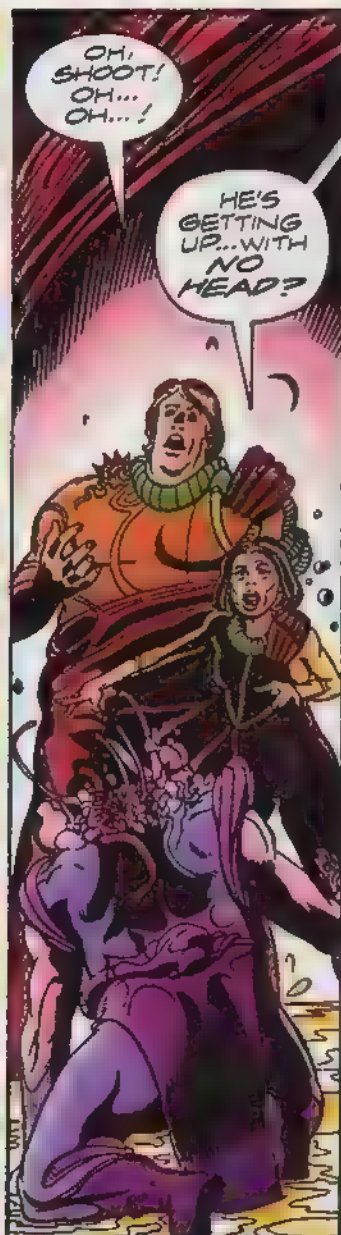
GEEZ...!



I KNOCKED HIS HEAD OFF!

BUT YOU DIDN'T MEAN TO! AND HE WAS TRYING TO HURT YOU!

HOW DID I DO THAT?



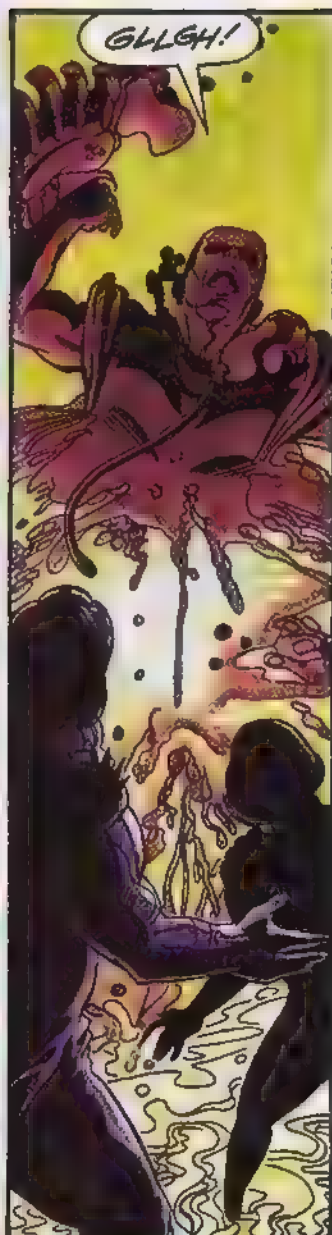
OH, SHOOT! OH... OH...!

HE'S GETTING UP... WITH NO HEAD?

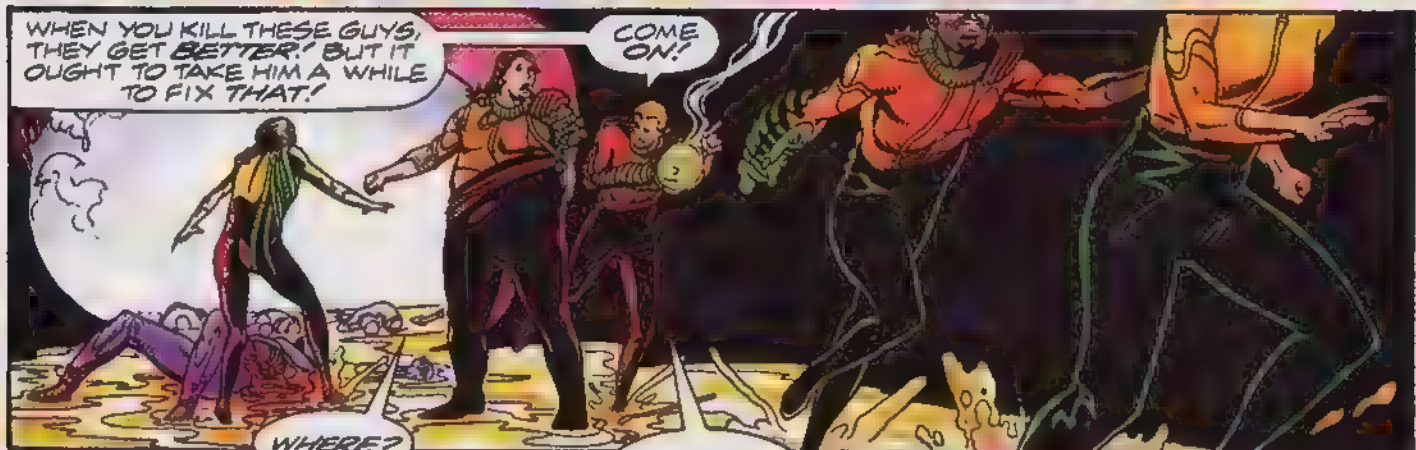


OH, DEAR!

IT'S GROWING BACK!



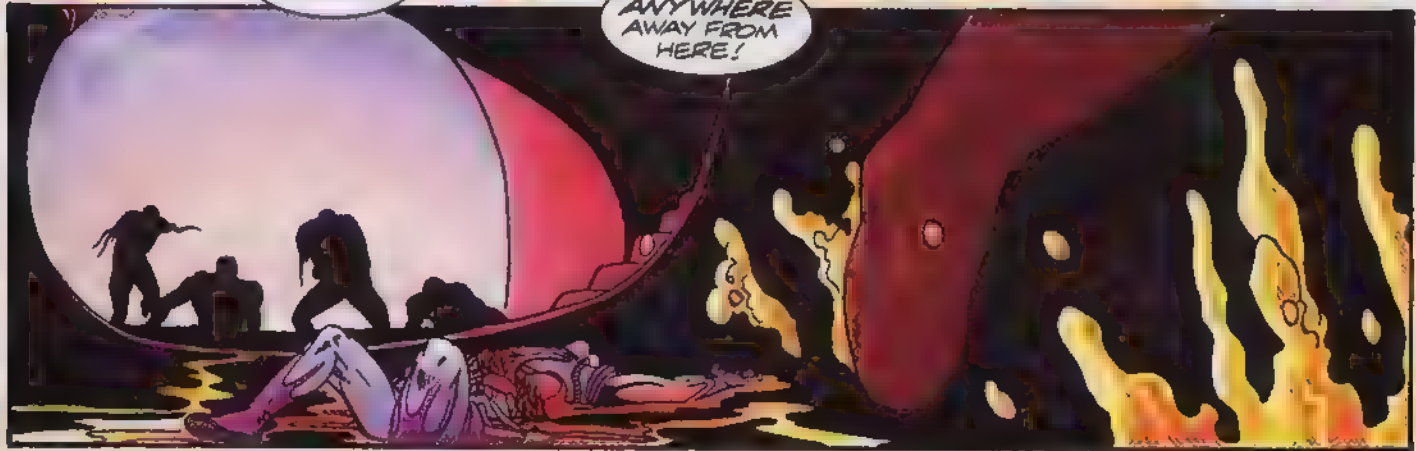
GLGH!



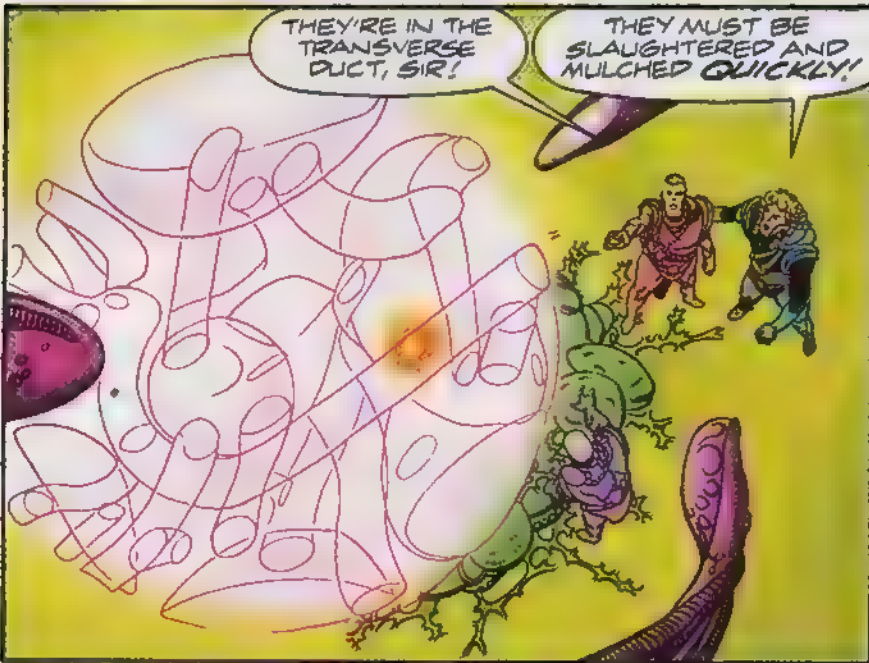
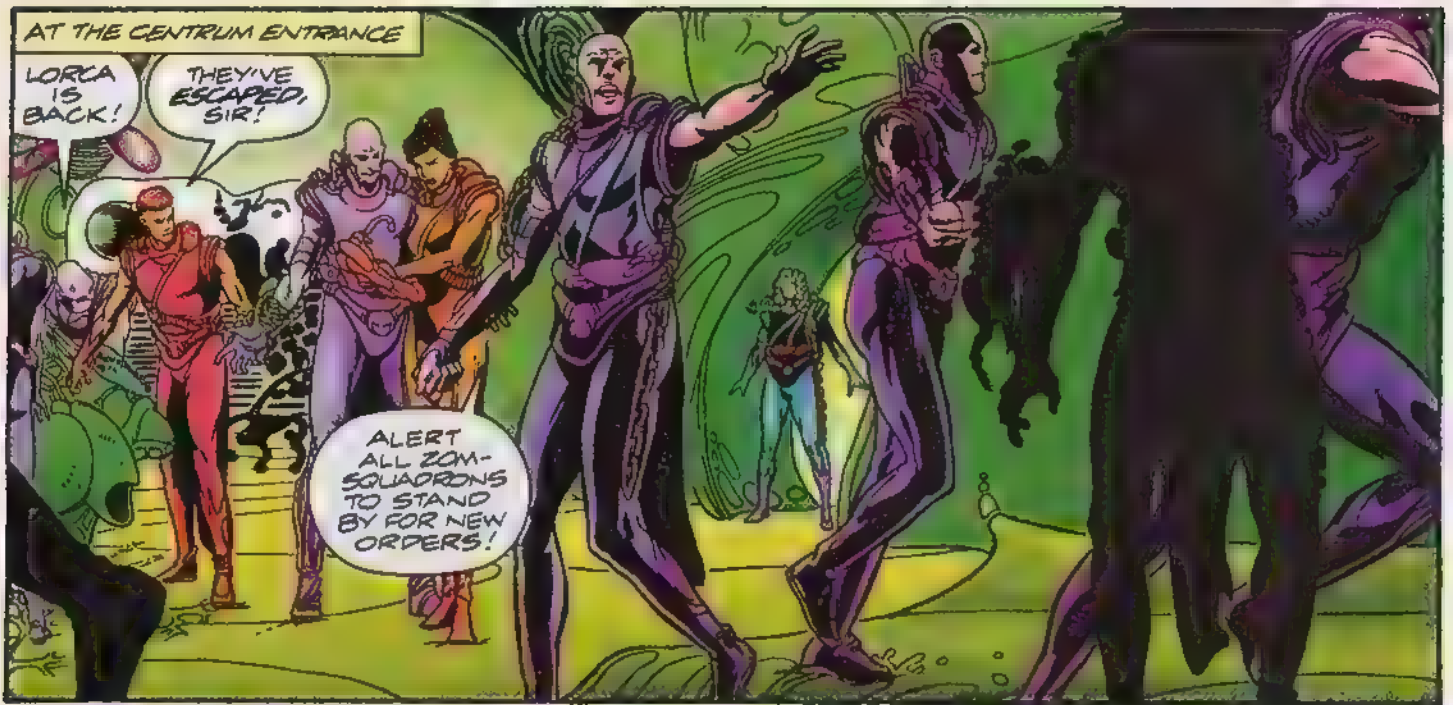
WHEN YOU KILL THESE GUYS, THEY GET BETTER! BUT IT OUGHT TO TAKE HIM A WHILE TO FIX THAT!

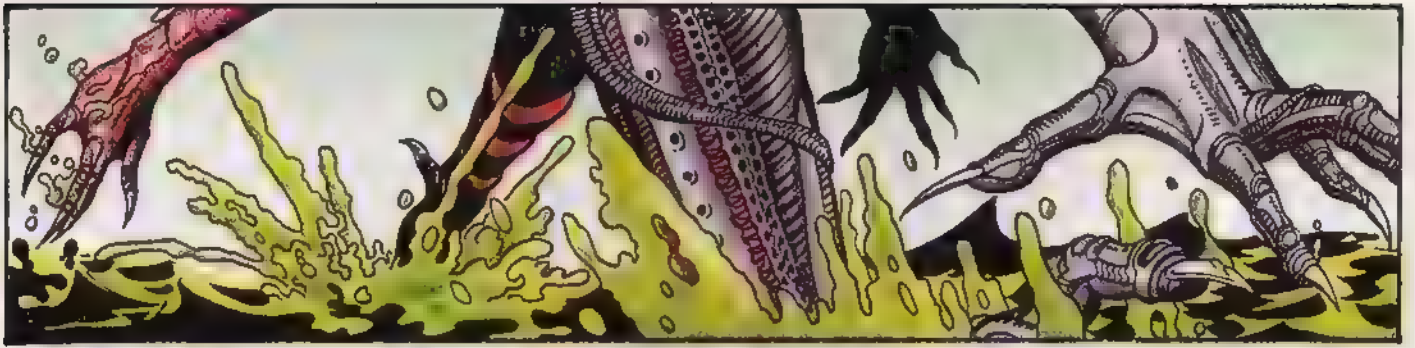
COME ON!

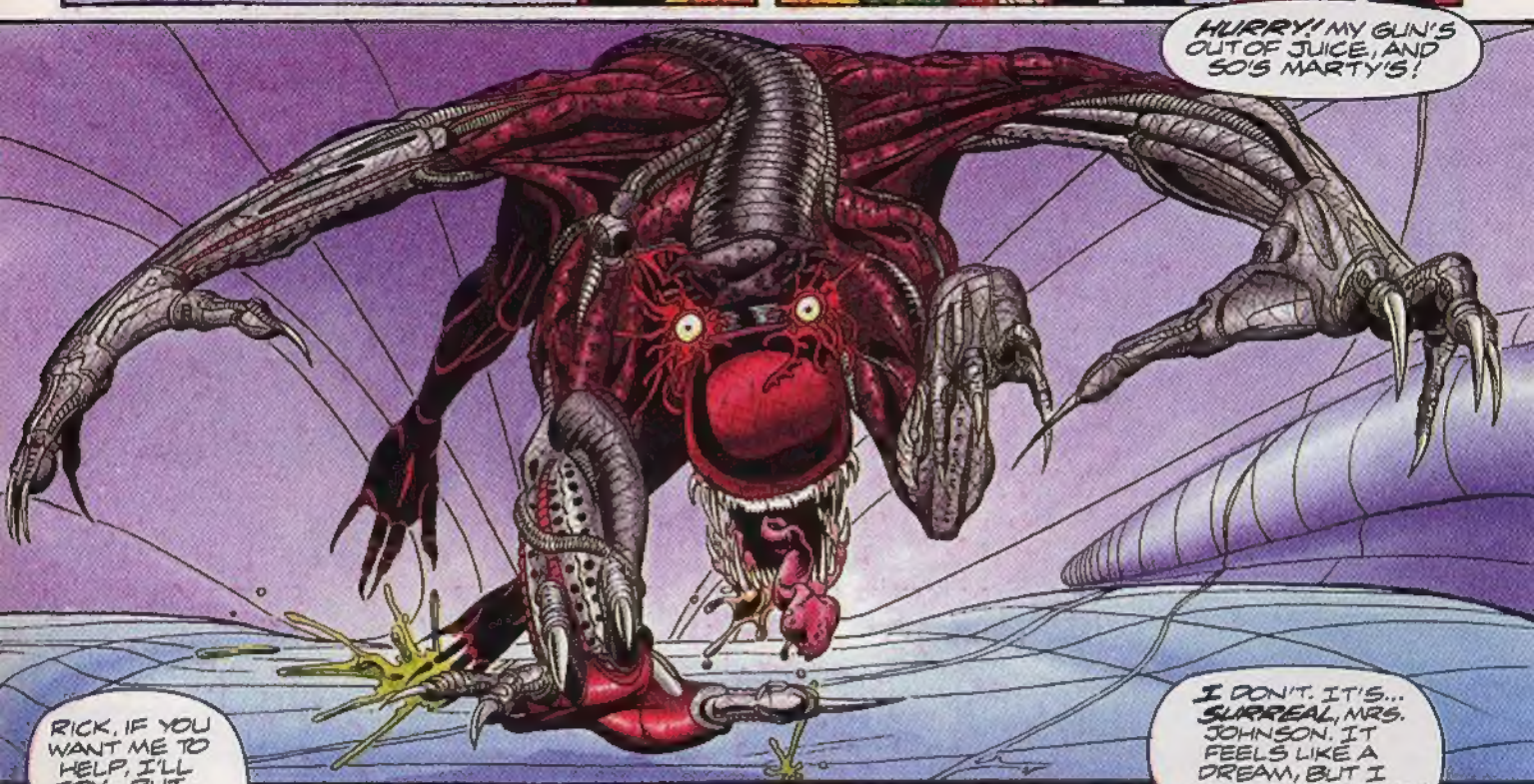
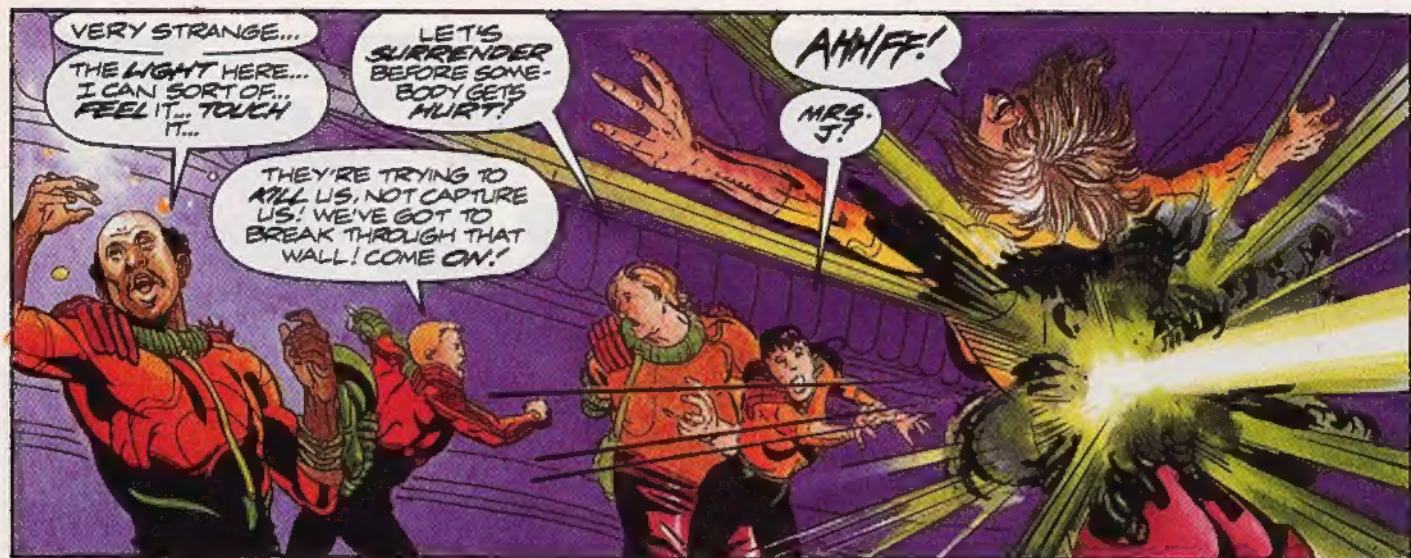
WHERE?



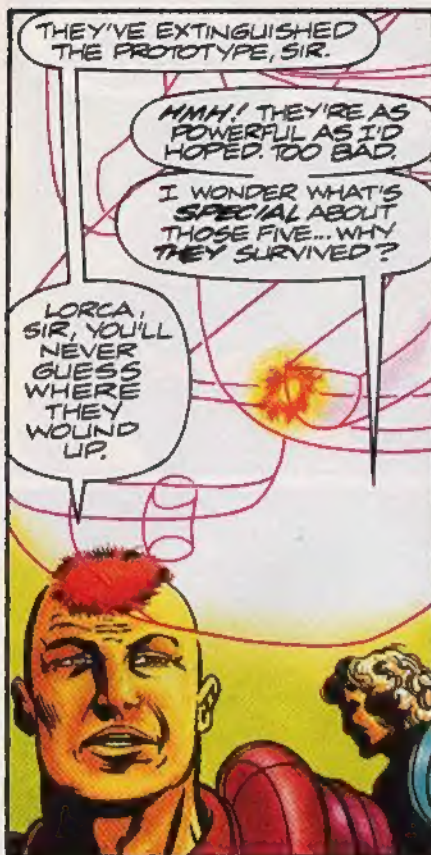
ANYWHERE AWAY FROM HERE!









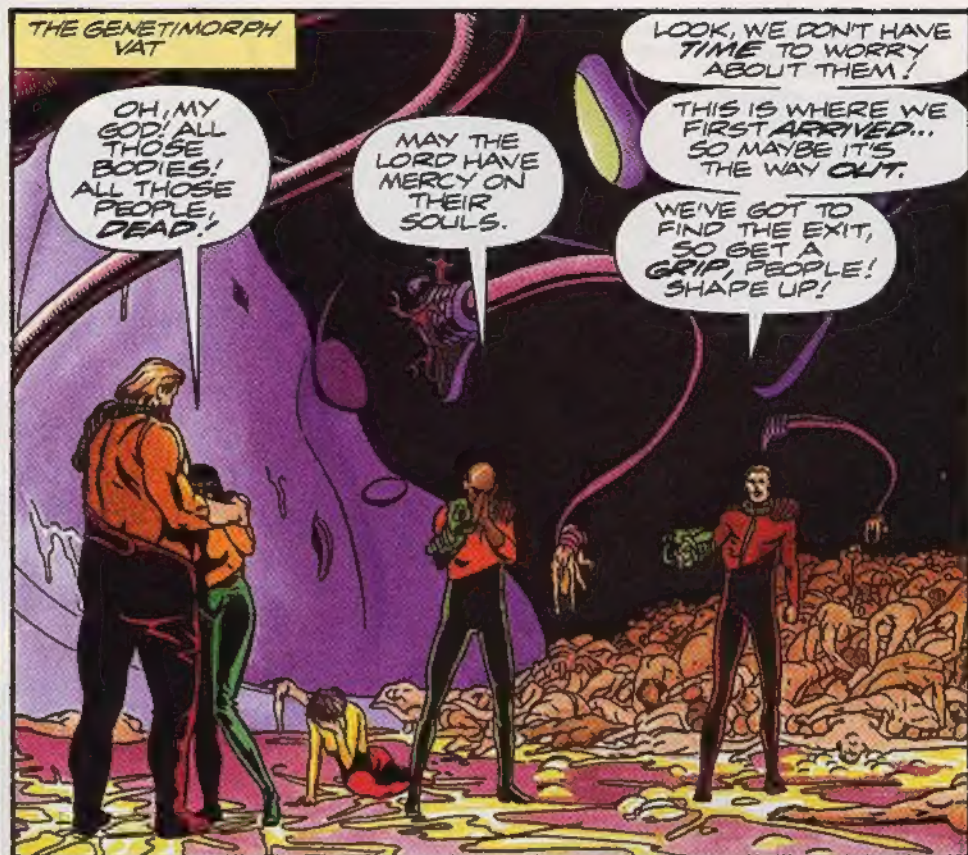


THEY'VE EXTINGUISHED THE PROTOTYPE, SIR.

HMM! THEY'RE AS POWERFUL AS I'D HOPED. TOO BAD.

I WONDER WHAT'S SPECIAL ABOUT THOSE FIVE... WHY THEY SURVIVED?

LORCA, SIR, YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHERE THEY WOUND UP.



THE GENETIMORPH VAT

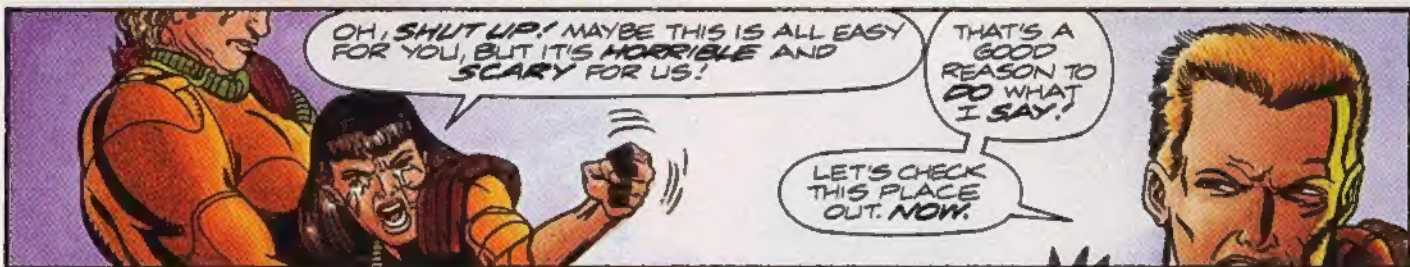
OH, MY GOD! ALL THOSE BODIES! ALL THOSE PEOPLE, DEAD!

MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON THEIR SOULS.

LOOK, WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THEM!

THIS IS WHERE WE FIRST ARRIVED... SO MAYBE IT'S THE WAY OUT.

WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE EXIT, SO GET A GRIP, PEOPLE! SHAPE UP!



OH, SHUT UP! MAYBE THIS IS ALL EASY FOR YOU, BUT IT'S HORRIBLE AND SCARY FOR US!

THAT'S A GOOD REASON TO DO WHAT I SAY!

LET'S CHECK THIS PLACE OUT. NOW.



SECONDS LATER...

THE OTHER-
WORLDERS...!

LIEUTENANT, THIS IS DEFINITELY THE ROOM THEY RUN THINGS FROM!

GRAB HIM!

THAT GUY'S VERY UPSET THAT WE'RE IN HERE! I CAN HEAR HIM THINKING!



THEY'RE IN THE CONTROL CELL! HAVE ALL ZOM-SQUADS CONVERGE HERE! QUICKLY!



I HEAR SOMETHING OUT-SIDE! SOUNDS LIKE AN ARMY!

GOD, I WISH THE LIGHT WAS BRIGHTER IN HERE!

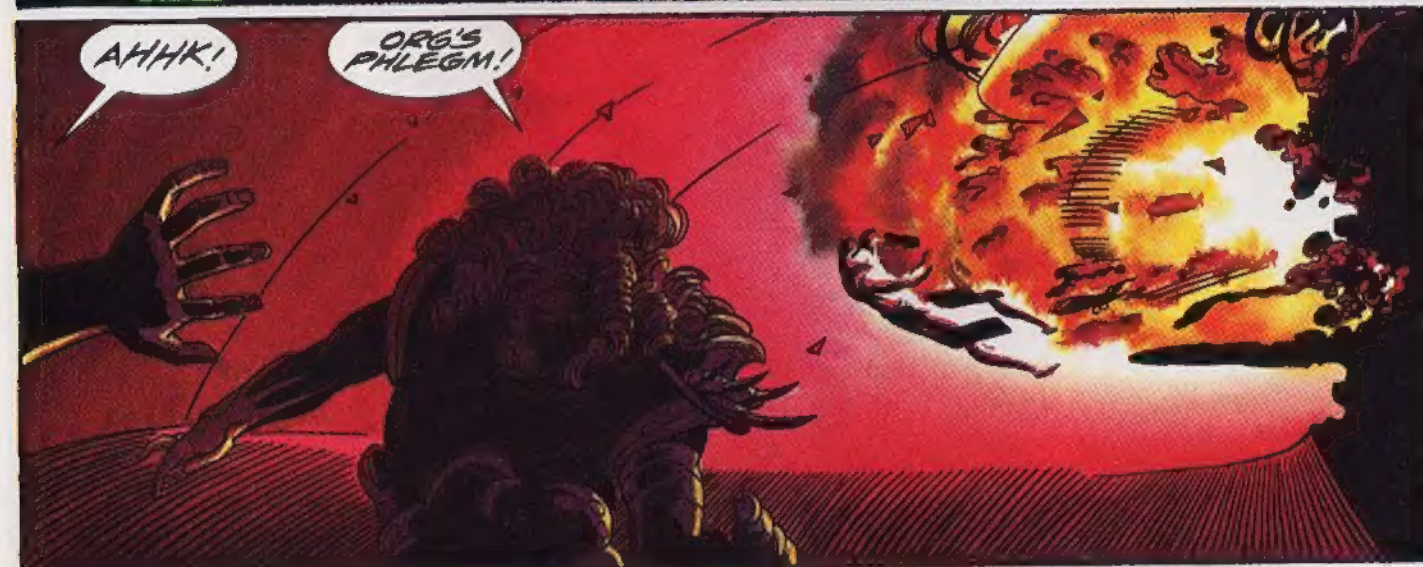
THIS GEEK'LL GET US OUT, OR I'LL RIP HIS THROAT... HEY!

NO! LET COOKIE TRY.

SEND US HOME! OKAY? SEND US HOME!

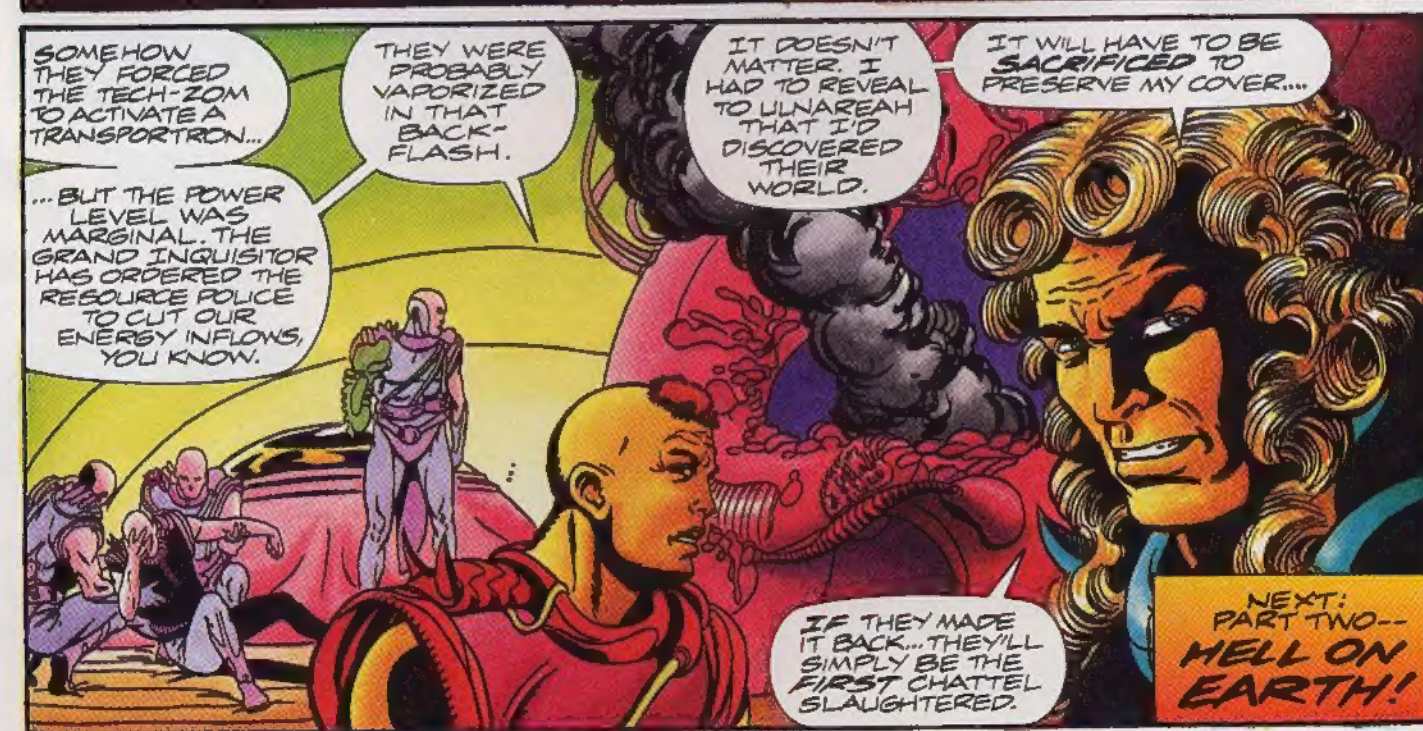


READY, ZOMS! GUNS ON FULL POWER. AT MY COMMAND...



AHHK!

ORG'S PHLEGM!



SOMEHOW THEY FORCED THE TECH-ZOM TO ACTIVATE A TRANSPORTRON...

THEY WERE PROBABLY VAPORIZED IN THAT BACK-FLASH.

IT DOESN'T MATTER. I HAD TO REVEAL TO ULNAREAH THAT I'D DISCOVERED THEIR WORLD.

IT WILL HAVE TO BE SACRIFICED TO PRESERVE MY COVER...

...BUT THE POWER LEVEL WAS MARGINAL. THE GRAND INQUISITOR HAS ORDERED THE RESOURCE POLICE TO CUT OUR ENERGY INFLOWS, YOU KNOW.

IF THEY MADE IT BACK... THEY'LL SIMPLY BE THE FIRST CHATTEL SLAUGHTERED.

NEXT: PART TWO--
HELL ON EARTH!